UPPER MEANINGS

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The Crane Classics

Upper Meanings

By

DR. FRANK CRANE

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Mon cher Docteur:

J'ai lu quelques uns de vos petits essais. Je les trouve tout simplement admirables. Vous avez trouvé le secret de faire tenir dans une forme facile et claire comme l'eau la plus pure, les plus hautes pensées et la plus utile vérité. Et, réduite que fut la place qui vous était réservée, vous n'avez jamais négligé la beauté dans l'expression de la vérité, de sorte que

17 JANUARY, 1920.

My dear Doctor:—

I have read some of your little essays. I find them simply admirable. You have found the secret of putting the highest thoughts and most useful truths in

a form as simple and clear as the purest water. And, however small the space allotted you, you have never neglected beauty in the expression of truth, so that

Que c'est toujours une joie
de vous lire! Vous devez avoir
fait un bien immense et je
voudrais que vos petits livres
si substantiels fussent
traduits dans toutes les langues
et répandus partout. Je ne
crois pas qu'en ce moment,
on puisse trouver pour le
peuple, de lecture plus tonique,
plus saine et plus nécessaire.

Recevez, mon cher Docteur,
avec mes remerciements,
l'assurance de mes sentiments
dévoués.

Maeterlinck

it is always a joy to read you. You have done an immense good, and I wish your little substantial volumes might be translated in every language and spread broadcast. I do not believe that at this time there can be found for the people reading that is more tonic, more sane and more necessary.

Accept, my dear Doctor, my thanks and the assurance of my devoted sentiments.

MAETERLINCK.

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UPPER MEANINGS

THE ELECT

These are some of the marks of the Elect, the Chosen People, the true Aristocracy, the real Upper Class.

They are clean. They keep their bodies clean of dirt, their minds clean of prejudice, and their spirits clean of superstition. They have strong passions, strictly disciplined.

Their mind is clearest and their courage highest in the presence of danger. While they may not always think correctly, they think clearly.

They do right because it is a pleasure, and have passed the apprenticeship of struggle.

Their opinion or belief cannot be coerced by authority or seduced by desire. Their intellect is as ethical as their conduct.

Love is the greatest thing in the world; but to them there is a greater thing—loyalty.

They are efficient. They make good; they do not explain why they could not.

To their employed they are just and reasonable; to their employer they are intelligently obedient.

They regulate themselves strictly; they have no wish at all to regulate others.

They love people, learn something from everyone they meet, and despise no human being.

They are characterized by simplicity in dress, in speech, in house, and at table. They understand the vulgarity of luxury.

They seek justice as the true charity, paying fair wages rather than giving alms, changing evil economic conditions rather than doling bread.

They bear no grudges and never seek revenge.

Their superiority is never exclusive; the greater, stronger, and better they become, the more warmly human they grow.

These are the Elect.

THE DISEASE OF DISCOURAGEMENT

Discouragement is a disease. The man who is discouraged ought to take something. Something is the matter with him. He should see a doctor. Perhaps the colon bacilli are after him.

For discouragement is simply a breakdown of the ego.

Possibly, however, a few ideas may do him good. Wherefore if he is so disposed let him swallow the following:

Discouragement, when analyzed, is found to be no more nor less than being sorry for one's self. And when one is in the wallow of self-pity he is pretty low down and is bound to become rather messy.

Discouragement usually takes place when things go against us; but that is the very time when we need courage. The time, if any, to be discouraged is when all goes well; we don't particularly need to be brave then.

Discouragement is often caused by expecting too much, or what we have no right to expect.

If we all set our hearts on being the next presi-

dent of the United States, about 99,999,999 of us are sure to be disappointed.

There is another and a nasty side to the motto "Excelsior." For every one who beats, one or more is beaten. For every prize-winner there are many prize-missers.

If a man, therefore, will purge his spirit as much as possible from the wish to get ahead of others in any way, and will concentrate his ambition upon doing his work well, making others happy and being of service, he will be spared a deal of sourness.

When you don't care to win you don't hate it so when you lose.

There is never reason for being discouraged, yet a thousand reasons are given. We are discouraged because we are not good enough, not well enough, not handsome enough, not rich enough, not lucky enough, not capable enough, and so on. But what of it? All these are calls to courage, not to whining.

Discouragement is sometimes caused by perverted habit. We get into the way of looking for kicks and bricks, and out of the way of looking for the delightful elements in our environment.

One child came back from the rose-garden and said the bushes were full of horrid thorns; the other returned and exclaimed how beautiful were the roses.

Every day you live there are probably a hun-

dred pleasant things happen to you. Your breakfast was good, the morning air was fine, and a myriad other little unnoted points of pleasure impinged upon your consciousness; yet just because Jones didn't pay you what he owes you and your soup was burned at dinner your soul is plunged in gloom.

Keep your body healthy. When your muscles are strong and elastic, your bowels open, your spine straight, your chest expanded and your blood rich and red, then your soul has a chance. Glooms flee from you.

Watch your thoughts. Keep your mind well in hand. Govern your imagination and don't let it govern you.

Be master of your emotions. Use them. Don't let them use you. Self-Mastery is the remedy for the blues and dumps.

Think things over. Think what would happen to you if you should get your just deserts. Think. Do almost any kind of intelligent thinking. And you won't be discouraged.

LIBERATING THE MAN INSIDE

We all feel that we are not actually the persons we ought to be. Somehow we never seem to get our real self expressed.

So we say that no one knows us truly, not our friends or intimates even, not the wife of one's bosom nor one's priest confessor.

A man has a certain character, dramatically speaking, to act. He has his rôle, as a businessman, in society, toward his family. If he does not stick to his part, he is thought a bit crazy, he thinks so himself.

We do not accomplish what we want to, we do not live the kind of life at all that is our ideal.

The most pathetic of failures is likewise the most common, failure in self-expression.

How can I liberate myself? How can I become the man outside that I am inside?

The fetters that bind the man inside, that cramp the forthputting of the real self, are three.

They are (1) Fear, (2) Ignorance, and (3) Lack of Will.

"Safety first" is no rule for the soul. Security

is a mere sickly fancy, and not for mortal men. Human beings are born into an environment of risk. The one thing needed for their development, and the happiness which comes only as the accompaniment of development, is danger.

Consequently the main source of our failure in achievement and of our misery in existence is fear. It keeps us from peril, and in peril alone is life.

The law of liberty is the threefold law of the mystics: Be bold—be bold—and evermore be bold.

Courage, however, without knowledge is like an engine with steam but no engineer. It means destruction. Courage is force, but force is constructive only when guided by disposing mind.

Go to breaking the laws of decency, of custom, and of the state, just to show you are not afraid, and you will land in jail, which is where you belong.

You must know when and why to break laws. You must have intelligent principles and worthwhile convictions.

Fearlessness with ignorance is a dreadful compound.

Learn what are the great laws of cosmic goodness and beauty. Learn these by teachableness, by humility, by discipline, by loyalty to the truth alone, by disregard of custom and authority; and having learned them, fear not to follow them.

Then you can get the horrible load off your back, take the open road and be free.

By getting rid of slavery to things, possessions, money, other people's opinion, expediency, conformity, love of praise, desire for station in life, and all such impedimenta, you can cease living like a packhorse or a galley slave, you can run and dance and play. The man inside will get a chance.

To arrive at this is impossible without a vigorous Will. To know and not to do is worse than ignorance; it is spiritual prostitution.

When the man inside says "I ought," you should not only reply "I can," but swiftly "I will."

And whoever feels he ought and believes he can and yet refuses to act is worse than an ignoramus or a coward. He is a traitor.

FIFTEEN

The boy of fifteen is the hardest to understand, most difficult to teach, most intensely emotional, most open to the religious appeal, and altogether presents the most acute problem parents are called on to handle.

Here are some points that may well be impressed upon him.

His aim should be rather to be a rich poor man than to be a poor rich man; that is, to have the power of appreciation rather than the power of possession.

He need not fear being too heroic; ideals are better than cleverness.

The greatest crimes have been committed by youth of from fifteen to twenty; then also have those resolutions been formed that have made great men.

Thoughtlessness or deviltry is more expensive around fifteen than at any other period of life. Vices indulged at that time have the best chance of ruining body and mind permanently.

If a boy of fifteen has not learned to be a "gentleman" he will never learn thoroughly.

Bursts of temper are more dangerous around the age of fifteen than at any other time of life.

Then also is the time of times to learn to do nothing in heat or malice;

To learn that the prime quality of the intellect is presence of mind, and the most valuable quality of the spirit is the ability always to keep cool;

That work is essential to any career, and that the way to get rid of its irksomeness is to make work craft, and to give labor the spirit of play;

That one who cannot save money at the age of fifteen will most probably have a hard road to financial success;

That it is the strong who show appreciation, and the weak who show envy;

That self-pity is a fatal disease, and that martyrs are cheap and plenty, while heroes are rare;

That one should think out every question for one's self, challenge every fact and statement, and establish thus a habit of sureness and intellectual honesty;

That the important things are never certain, but must be decided by weighing probabilities;

That nothing, no authority nor institution, can rid us of our personal responsibility;

That the sex instinct is a beautiful dynamic if idealized, and without the ideal it is ugly and dangerous;

That the power in us most necessary to make us expert in any calling is the power of accurate

observation; and that one has a great advantage over others if he sees things clearly the first glance, and if he listens so attentively he doesn't have to be told twice;

And that the road to commonplaceness, failure, and even hell is to be content with keeping up with the average; while the only way to distinction, success, and heaven is to express one's own personality, train one's own judgment, and follow one's own convictions.

"For strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leads to life, and few there be that find it"; and those few usually begin at fifteen or before.

CRUSTACEAN OR VERTEBRATE

Some professor with an imagination went out of his way, in speaking to his class, so far as to remark that Human Beings may be divided into two classes, Vertebrates and Crustaceans.

Crustaceans have an outer shell. They need it because they cannot defend themselves from their neighbors who want to eat them.

Life is pretty much of a war. To exist is to struggle. And when you quit the fight, other organisms, from Germs to Germans, speedily devour you.

Crustaceans are helpless bodies. They just lie along the river-bed or waddle about in search of a precarious livelihood.

Vertebrates, on the contrary, have no hard armor to protect them, but carry their bony structure concealed, and their flesh wrapped around it. Hence they must fight, or run, if they would be saved.

Some fond mothers do their best to make their children Crustaceans. They pet, pamper, and protect them, until the poor things are about as helpless as a turtle under a log.

They deem it their natural duty to keep their young out of danger and away from temptation. The result is that little Willy, when he is twenty-one and thrust out into the cold world, is speedily gobbled up by the first husky temptation that comes along.

Most of the preachers, Sunday-School teachers, and other moral workers are doing their utmost to make Crustaceans out of their victims. It's "You mustn't do this," and "Don't do that," and "Keep away," and "Don't touch," in the hope that the precious darling will, when he grows up, be "Safe."

But regular human beings, male or female, don't want to be "Safe." They want to be "Strong." They don't want to be mussels; they want muscles.

God never made man in the likeness of an oyster, a crab, or a clam. His life happiness and the salvation of his immortal soul do not depend on surrounding him with conventions, herding him into institutions, or locking him up in retreats.

His best defence is his vitality.

His safety lies in his punch.

His life is better conserved by health than by pills.

His morality is to be tested by the vigorous forthputting of his ideals of justice, truth, and helpfulness, not by the number of naughty things he does not do.

The Good People of this earth are not those who are afraid to do wrong, but those who dare to do right.

The Salvation Army lassie who goes through the slums, fearing none of the filth nor vice that swarms about her, but holding herself aseptic by the courage of her holy impulses, is a better type than the young lady that has been shut up in a boarding-school and carefully kept from contamination by the thickness of the shell around her. The former is a Vertebrate, the latter a Crustacean.

The only Goodness that helps the world is the Goodness of Power.

When the Apostle Paul advised his young friend he spoke as to a Vertebrate, not as to a Crustacean, for he said:

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ."

MEDITATION

Meditation is an art almost unknown in our western world.

About the only meditation we indulge in is the kind induced by an imagination overheated by some strong desire; as when we revel in visions of gratified appetites, of success, or of good fortune. This is not true meditation; it is a sort of drunkenness.

Real meditation is where the intellect is liberated and goes over our whole self, inspecting, setting all things in order.

It is an art. It cannot be done with good results except by practice.

Most Americans are forever doing, doing, doing. When they are not doing, they want to be amused. Every minute must be full. We cannot ride on the cars without a newspaper. We will not sit quiet for half an hour without some person to talk to or some periodical to read. To commune with one's self is the height of boredom.

The person we least know, and most dread to be left alone with, is our self.

To acquire skill in meditation, set apart a half-hour every day. Be alone in your room. Be physically still, absolutely. Read nothing. Look at nothing. Concentrate upon your own thoughts.

Fix in your mind that you are thoroughly to take stock of yourself; your mind is to go over all your body and soul, to see clearly what you are, to avoid living in a fool's self-delusion.

Take up your body. What habits are you dropping into? Have you any rational plan of exercise? Is your eating haphazard or intelligent? Whatever you *do,* at least it will not hurt you to *know.*

How about your principles? Have you any? And are they intelligent? Or are you just floating along in the current of other people's ideas?

You have four enemies: your own ignorance, your own inertia, the power of custom, and the opinions of other persons.

Only by meditation, frequent sessions with your intellect, can you clean yourself of these cramping forces.

Investigate the things you are in the habit of saying you believe. Decide on what you know and what you don't know. Be intellectually honest with yourself, which is something few can achieve.

Find out what you want. A lot of things you think you want you do not care for at all; you are only swept on by habit or by the mob.

Find out whom you like and whom you don't like. You need not tell it, but you ought to know it.

See how many things you are doing that are not worth while.

Look into your relations with other people. Decide on some sensible program for dealing with your children, your wife, your social and business acquaintances.

Ask yourself what you are doing with your time. Think over plans for systematizing your day.

And your money; is that spent by impulse or in some clear order?

Most of us never practise this sort of meditation until we are on a sick-bed.

Emerson said, "Few men find themselves before they die."

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD

He has been delivered from the bondage of things.

He often gives his naked soul a sun bath. Some people never undress their souls.

He does not allow fads to dictate his taste.

His body is neither sick, hungry, nor sated.

He has discovered the good taste of bread without butter or jam, and has rescued his appetite from the bondage of sugar; he is also addicted to water as a luxury.

He has to work for a living. To endow a human being is to rob him of his primal joy.

He knows how and when to play.

He has one or more intellectual enthusiasms; as chess or Greek or botany.

He reads books with covers on them.

He is old-fashioned in his principles, up-to-date in his opinions, and ahead of his time in his ideals.

He has adjusted himself to the universe.

He emerges from sorrow noble, and from pleasure refreshed.

He knows how to be alone without loneliness, and in company without ennui.

He has found one good woman whom he obeys. In the highest cycles of life the man always obeys the woman.

He is a friend of his children.

He has definitely arranged with death, and hence does not think upon dying.

He has discovered that the world is very large; consequently it is easier to go away than to quarrel; also, manners and morals are different beyond the Pyrenees.

He has faced and settled the sex problem, and declines to re-argue.

He is pagan in his tastes and Christian in his regulation of them.

He has a sense of humor, and therefore sees things in proper perspective, being amused at most things and in earnest about a few.

He lives his life by the day, knowing he is but a day-laborer; and not by the job, knowing he is not the contractor.

He is never bored, because he is always interested.

He has discovered that temperance is the secret of getting the most out of life; and applies to virtues as well as to vices.

He quickly casts out of his mind any thought that has begun to ferment.

He has determined to live his own life in his own way, and let others do the same—even his children.

He does not want to be any older nor younger than he is.

He knows, when he accepts a favor or a gift, that sooner or later he will pay for it with interest.

He discards his delusions when he becomes aware of them, and cherishes his illusions.

He grows old and sweetens.

He believes that, in the end, one thing alone dissolves all doubts, untangles all difficulties, and accomplishes all tasks, and that but this one thing is worth while—love.

RELAXATION

Will-Power is indicated not only by your ability to hang on, but also by your ability to let go.

When you clench your fists and set your jaw and narrow your eyes and say that you Will, and when you keep yourself screwed up to this tension, it's a sign you are a strong personality, to be sure.

But how about the reverse lever? Can you work that?

Can you take off your mighty purpose when you take off your clothes, and go to bed and sleep, and not lie awake there chewing the thing over and over till the last nerve is frazzled?

Can you sit down in a chair and let every muscle unloosen and every carking care slide off, and eat an apple and laugh at a joke and play with the cat?

Life's a good deal of a run and jump, and how far you can jump depends on how far back you start. In other words the force of the impact of your any deed depends on the amount of power you have accumulated during your hour of relaxation.

Relaxation is a vast word. The will-power to

relax is as essential as the will-power to go on.

Of course anything can be overdone. You can relax too much. You can run so far that you are worn out by the time you want to jump. And you can play and rest so much that you haven't time for business.

But, the point is, that the skillful relaxer is rare, and is a stronger personage than the vigorous and ever-ready attacker. The man who can sit down at his office desk and throw himself into his affairs and start things humming at once is some man. But the man who, when necessary, can brush all his papers aside, let go his high emprise, shut off the gas, turn around and tell a good story or indulge in a hearty laugh, that's the man you want to look out for.

The relaxer can deliver an awful punch when he comes back to the fight.

The human race knows this. They are paying Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks some million dollars a year, just for relaxation.

This means you. Do you realize that your hours of relaxation should be planned for as intelligently as your hours of application? Do you let go systematically?

A mother is a better mother when she takes a vacation once in a while from mothering and becomes a girl again for a few days.

A businessman is more effective at his desk when he is loyal to his gymnasium and golf course.

This is a law that reaches far into the spiritual life, for there was a saint once who said, "I went away from God to find God."

THE CAPTURE OF GOOD LUCK

There is no doubt that there is such a thing as luck. The cards will sometimes run steadily against you all evening at whist. Some morning you get out of bed wrong foot first and everything is perverse all day. There is certainly a power not of ourselves that rules events. In banking and groceries there is luck, also in railroading and poetry.

Still, beyond our control as fortune is, she can in a measure be captured and compelled. To which end suffer a few hints.

Did you ever notice the reaction of good or bad luck upon the mind? When you are fortunate you are exhilarated, you feel power in your bones, you acquire a conquering air, your hand is more sure, your mind is alert. When you are unfortunate, you are depressed, your fingers are all thumbs, the glooms flock about you.

Now this works both ways; and if you carefully cultivate the right state of mind good luck will come to you. Think good luck. Oust all bad-luck thoughts. And see what happens.

All depressing emotions are friends of bad luck.

Fear makes failure. Self-doubt is sure to cripple you. If you would capture good luck, have courage, self-confidence. You can gain these feelings by asserting them in your own mind.

Good luck is often due to persistent care. Do things with attention. Take pains. Don't be slipshod.

System is a bait for good luck. If your exertions are well ordered, thought out, and regularly employed, your chances of success are much increased.

Persistence captures good luck. Keep at it. Come back to your task day after day. Hang on. Fortune is a fickle lady, but she cannot resist forever a wooer that will not take no for an answer.

Don't allow yourself to get sorry for yourself. Any pity is unpleasant to the recipient, but worst of all is self-pity.

Present to the world an undaunted face every morning. Flood your soul with happy, cheerful thoughts. Keep out all depressing subjects. Good luck loves sunshine.

Do! It may be well to dream, but the idling dreams of laziness will undo you. Work at what you can get to do. Good luck pursues the industrious.

The greatest factor in bringing good luck is *you.*

One-half of the universe is yourself.

Events mean nothing, the men and women about

you mean nothing, even God means nothing, as far as You are concerned, except as they co-operate with You.

There is no failure that is not at least half your failure.

Compel! Go on! Fight! Every battle is won by the Spirit in Man.

And having done all—Stand!

And Good Luck will come cringing to your feet.

ON RELIEVING THE PRESSURE

One of the most appreciated and valuable of the good things in this world is a pleasant atmosphere.

To have to do time in an air surcharged with grouch, misunderstanding, and grumpiness is as bad as having to sit in a hot room when you have on prickly underwear.

The home, club, or other place you love to frequent is that one with an atmosphere that cheers you; and the one you loathe is the one where you are depressed.

If atmosphere therefore means so much to you, why not learn how to create it, how to dispel the blues from a company, and put a few volts of joy and gladness into any group where you may be found?

Hence a few hints for relieving the pressure:

1. If you have a bad case of gloom yourself, and don't want to inoculate the others, go away, take a walk, soak your head, or go to bed. Many a case of strained relations has been relieved by going away.

2. If you cannot get away, act pleasant, whether

or not you feel so. Cheerfulness that is put on is better than a grouch that is genuine.

3. Forget yourself. Quit thinking of yourself. Think of others. Don't be sensitive; it is a peculiarly trying form of vanity.

4. Learn the fine art of changing the subject. When the family hit upon the topic that is distressing, learn how to switch them over to dress, baseball, politics, or the neighbors. The Subject-changers are life-savers.

5. Don't argue. Hold back that smart saying you are dying to utter. Keeping one's mouth shut is a noble and much neglected art.

6. Agree. Listen carefully to what the grouchy one says, and note some point in which you can agree with him.

7. Refuse to take any remark as a personal reflection upon yourself. If they give you a dig, don't notice it.

8. Find out the sore spots of each one's pride, and don't touch them.

9. In nine issues out of ten it doesn't matter, after all. Relieve the personal tension by reminding yourself continually that you don't care.

10. Don't take yourself, or others, too seriously. Have a sense of humor.

11. A whole heap of things are none of your business. Don't make them so.

12. Think often that this meeting may be your last, and it would be well to make it as pleasant

as possible. When you're dead what difference will it all make?

13. Grin and bear it. It won't last long. You can stand it for an hour. Time cures most things.

14. Trouble spoils your sleep and your appetite. Determine that you'll not engage in it.

15. And if you are reasonably certain that the atmosphere at any given time or place is to be filled with trouble, don't go there. It is well to have some handy disease, a crippled liver or a bunion or something that you can fall back on in a pinch. Also a previous engagement is useful.

And lastly, control yourself and you will control others.

Thus relieving the pressure.

SHYNESS

"There is a certain drawback in my character," a young man writes me, "about which I am greatly disturbed. It is excessive shyness and modesty. I am a high-school boy, seventeen years of age, and am considered a good student. After I have studied a topic, if I be given pencil and paper and have to write it out I can do it perfectly; but when called upon in class to recite orally before my schoolmates, there is something, an inexplicable something, that holds me back. My thoughts seem to leave me, and I usually make an unsatisfactory recitation. Outside of school, when alone, I feel comfortable and can think clearly. I can converse glibly enough with one or two friends, but when among company I feel so out of place and so shy that after repeated efforts I am forced to give it up from sheer embarrassment. Is there any way that I can overcome this?"

Shyness is a form of Fear. Nobody can do good work until he has stricken the shackles of Fear off his hands, his head, and his heart.

It is the greatest of Inhibitions. An Inhibition is something inside of us which prevents action,

just as a Prohibition is something outside of us which prevents action.

Fear is the strongest, most unreasoning, and dreadful of tyrants. The only way to get rid of a tyrant is to declare our independence, defy him, and fight it out until we are free.

How?

By three things. First by Seeing, second by the Will, and third by Practice.

We must first See, understand where the trouble lies, know what our enemy is; that it is not other people, nor circumstances, nor bad luck, nor God, nor the devil, but our own Cowardice.

We must recognize every Fear Thought or Feeling as an Enemy, as wicked and hurtful, the object of which is to destroy us.

Then we must set our Will against it. Refuse to entertain it. Run away from it if possible. Crowd it out by addressing our mind to Courage Thoughts. And if need be, combat it with stubbornness.

But it will do us no good to Understand what our fault is, and to Will against it, unless we Practise constant hostility to it.

If we fear society, let us seek society. If we suffer from embarrassment in company, let us boldly suffer, and go into company all the more until we cease to suffer.

No pain is half so bad when we make up our minds to bear it bravely. If it hurts to be in

company, let us say: "Let it hurt! It won't kill me. And I will stick it out!"

You can't learn to swim and "not go near the water". Jump in and paddle! Only so will strength and skill be developed.

And it is not Shyness, or Sensitiveness, that is the fault. It is the Fear of Shyness. In itself Shyness simply means a finely strung organism, a keenness of sensation. It is an increment of power, not of weakness, if you are Unafraid.

Some of the greatest orators have suffered from stage-fright all their lives. Having boldly overcome the fear of it, they found it to give them a certain nervous force and energy, that added to their electric influence.

President McKinley, one of the most pleasing and forceful of public speakers, once told me that he never in his life got up to make a speech, that his knees did not shake from stage-fright.

Shyness is to your credit.

But the Fear of Shyness is a disgrace.

THE DAY'S LAST HOUR

The hour of the day which is the most important to watch is the hour just before going to sleep.

Orison Swett Marden, in a recent article, recommends a "Harmony Bath" for the mind before sleep, and insists that those who indulge in this habit, who reject all irritating thoughts during this period, and call to mind only pleasant things, "retain their youth, vigor, and mental resiliency much longer than those who are in the habit of going to bed all out of tune".

The last conscious hour of our day is its most dangerous hour. An evil or upsetting thought at that time will do much more harm than at any other hour of the day.

Sleep is the little brother of death. We would not care to go into eternity without making our peace with the world; so also we should not go into unconsciousness unannealed.

Trouble is dirt, soul dirt. We wash our hands before going to bed. Why not our minds?

What we think of as we pass into slumber is very likely to sink into our subconsciousness, and

it is the subconsciousness that antedates the will and plants the seeds of desire.

Therefore, prelude this space of near-death with agreeable thoughts. Pass back to the unknown with smiles, not tears nor bitterness.

For when you come out again in the morning it should be with enough glad courage to face the day. "A man must be next to a devil who wakes angry," says Horace Bushnell.

Evening tends to melancholy, for the day's doings often fray the nerves and weary the spirit. All the more reason why we should exercise deliberate purpose and plan to make our final hour joyful.

Let bedtime be ushered in by sweet music.

Carry no contentions late.

Kiss and make up before you say good-night.

Read some book that cheers, some story or sayings that divert and amuse.

Entertain some high and placid thought, as you say good-bye today, that you may pass into the darkness as a star, not as a storm.

We by nature remember slights and failures, impositions and angers, more readily than agreeable matters. Therefore, by artifice and will-power let us sweep out the disturbers, banish the loud and quarrelsome children of the memory, and call to accompany us upon our descent into the mystery of oblivion only gracious and gentle thoughts.

Nine-tenths of the sleeplessness is caused, not by any bodily disorder, but by a flabby mind, that has not mastered self-control.

Learn how to control your thoughts and you will cure your insomnia.

Surely there is some pleasant, diverting, and amusing thing you can do. Do that the last thing of the day.

Whatever troubles, perplexities, and anxieties it may be your duty to attend, don't shirk them but —tackle them in the morning.

THE GREATNESS OF MOTHERING

There is no business in the world that requires greatness so much as mothering.

Some successful mothers are not so very good, judged by conventional yard-sticks, but no mother succeeds who is petty and narrow.

Children do not always respond to piety, to intellect, to love, and to care, but they always respond to greatness.

But does not greatness imply these things? Usually. Yet it is something beyond, an elusive something that we can easily recognize yet hardly define.

Greatness is a compound of wisdom and vision. Love is the road to it, yet love has many by-ways.

The prime element in governing children is to realize, and thus induce them to realize, that the government is for their welfare and not for your satisfaction.

The power and disposition to obliterate self is a characteristic of the great soul.

Your mothering is to develop them, to make their moral sense grow, to cultivate their judgment and self-control. It is not to make them toe the

mark, and so conduct themselves as not to bother mama.

If a woman is weak, vacillating, and selfish, she can no more conceal it from her children than she can hide a mole on her nose.

One invariable trait of greatness is patience. In training children there is one thing worse than being wrong; it is being in a hurry.

Impatience, especially if joined with great conscientiousness, is fatal to love.

The mother ought to realize the immense advantage her age and experience give her, and never descend to the level of altercation with her little ones. She needs poise, firmness, and some of the all-forgiving nature of God.

She needs to know that it is her own personal nature that is going to impress her children more than any of her acts or precepts.

It is good to tell the child what is right, that is, pretty good, but not much. It is better to create a household atmosphere wherein the child feels what is right.

It is not the mother's business to supply a code of conduct, it is her business to guide the child so that his own experience, the ripening of his own convictions, shall form such a code. For the only binding and permanent conscience is that which has grown with our growth.

A mother should know that her strongest power is that of appreciation. It is not to reprove and

punish. Those may be necessary at times, but appreciation is necessary all the time, as a constant, undimmed, matured radiation.

Hence never hesitate to express approval; but hesitate well before giving reproof.

And one of the elements of a mother's task, calling for peculiar greatness of soul, is that she not only has to train her children when young, but she must prepare herself and them for the day when they will leave her.

Many a mother knows how to cling to her children, but not how to let them go.

I have known some great mothers. I marvel at them.

DESIRE AND CONSCIENCE

I have two spirits who are always by me, my inseparable companions. Their names are Desire and Conscience.

Since I cannot escape them, I would make them friends. There are some who dread the one or the other. Men of loose life are at outs with conscience, and men of morbid morals are suspicious of desire.

But I need them both. Desire is life's force. The strong personality is the one with strong desires. The men and women that accomplish largely are they that want largely.

Desire is not an enemy of the soul, neither is it to be plucked up and rooted out. It is like a blooded horse, to be trained and used. It is the soul's stream. It makes things go.

Desire that is hurtful can never be cured by negatives. No soul is saved by "Don'ts." The only way to remedy a bad desire is by substituting a good and a stronger one.

Whoever has tremendous desires that are pushing him to ruin can have tremendous desires that shall push him up to greatness.

I cannot prevent destructive desires, but I can

refuse to listen to them. I can constantly put them away, and they will then grow weaker and weaker. When good desires arise I can encourage them, then if they be small and faint at first, they will grow and become masterful, and lead me to success.

Nero had no more masterful passions than John Wesley, only the one turned to destruction and the other to construction. The drunkard's craving for whisky is not more powerful than was Abraham Lincoln's craving for learning when he was a boy. The wanton herd of sex-perverts have not nearly so much nor so happy passions as the loyal wives and husbands of the world. The burglar does not burn to succeed in crime any more ardently than the businessman to succeed in his honest ventures. Passion isn't all black. Indeed the white kind tastes better and lasts longer.

To my other familiar also, I would be a friend. Conscience I cannot escape. I can get on good terms with it by recognizing that it is the deepest wisdom of my life.

Conscience is the accrued caution of all my ancestors. It is the voice of all humanity speaking in my instinct. It is the automatic register of the universe working in me.

It never argues. It will not prove. It speaks as destiny speaks. It utters its decree and rests there. When I twist and turn and reason with it, it subsides into pained silence.

It is the whisper of Whoever sits in the centre of the suns.

Let me listen, and heed, and obey, and I come at last to peace and triumph.

No man ever achieves that real success that satisfies unless his Conscience applauds. And if in his hour of triumph his Conscience does not approve, he has in his heart a seed of bitterness and in his mouth the taste of ashes.

Let me learn to temper Conscience with common sense, to square it with reason, and to keep it sweet and sound, that it may not grow fevered and sickly.

It is no light task, driving so sensitive and spirited a team. Let me study and practise until I make them minister to my happiness and carry me to my life's goal.

ARE YOU READY?

Speaking of Preparedness, and all that, how about you—personally?

Are you ready?

Ready for what?

Well, a number of things that are likely as not to happen.

How you will get along when a thing happens, depends entirely upon your preparedness, your habits of thought, your practice of self-control, your stock of principles, your mastery of emotion, your courage in trial, your skill in adapting yourself, and like matters in soul gymnastics.

Are you ready?

Ready for Failure? Your plans are made, your money is invested—have you decided what you will do if you fail? Successful men are those who know how to utilize failures.

Are you Ready for Riches? You may win. Somebody may leave you a fortune. It's quite an art to be rich and really get any solid satisfaction out of it. Most miss it.

Are you ready for Opportunity? They say she knocks once at every man's door. Will you be

ready for her, with your hat and coat on and your valise packed, to go with her?

Are you Ready for Love? When she comes, all-beautiful, will she find your heart swept and garnished, your body clean, your past unashamed, your bread and wine set out upon the table sweet and wholesome?

Are you Ready for Betrayal? It comes along to everybody sooner or later. What will you do when Destiny attacks you with its poison gases and roaring guns? Will you crumple up, collapse, drown yourself in the swamp of self-pity, or have you an established line of defence you can fall back to?

Are you Ready for Sickness? That, too, has a way of appearing when least wanted. Have you your affairs in shape should this emergency occur?

Are you Ready to lose your Job? Will you fall on your feet like a cat, or be helpless as a turned turtle?

Are you Ready for Old Age? If you live long enough you'll find it. Will you be a cheerful old person, or a grouchy old nuisance?

Life's a game of chance. You don't know what's waiting for you around tomorrow's corner. It may be an Indian with a tomahawk, or a friend with a fat purse, an enemy with a sand-bag, or a woman with a kiss. Are you Ready—for anything?

Are you Ready for Death? It is the one unavoidable fact. Have you faced it? A man whose

preparations include everything except a preparation for this is strangely foolish.

Get Ready—for anything! Take your shield of faith, your helmet of principle, your sword of courage, your shoes of training, your haversack of good habit. And don't be afraid. As Owen Meredith wrote:

> "Let any man show the world that he feels
> Afraid of its bark and 'twill fly at his heels;
> Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone;
> But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone."

THE ART OF LIVING: ROUTINE

One of the secrets of contentment is the art of making Routine agreeable.

Nine-tenths of the day's doings are made up of Routine. They run like Mark Twain's diary —"Got up, washed, went to bed."

Every day you must do those three duties; besides, there are eating, shaving, dressing and undressing, the same floors to sweep, children to look after, letters to answer, bird to feed and cat to put out.

Now, seeing that you have to do this, that there's no escaping it and that it constitutes the major part of your existence, wouldn't it be a good plan to arrange your inevitables so as to make them pleasant?

And if so be that your inevitables are hateful, and you just can not bring yourself to like your daily grind, whether washing dishes or selling gloves or keeping books, if your kind of Routine is what just naturally goes against your stomach, wouldn't it be a good idea to CHANGE YOURSELF, so that you would like what you now loathe?

It can be done, you know. It is hard, even to

suggest it is a bit insulting; but still it can be done.

Just to take one's self in one's two hands, and say, with a Desperate Desmond hiss, "I've got to do it—for a time, anyway,—and by the Great Horn Spoon I'll make myself like it!", will be an interesting experiment even if you don't succeed.

For though a man be blessed who gets what he likes, thrice blessed is the man who likes what he's got.

Really, my friend, if you will quit fretting at your Routine, and go to tinkering at your own thoughts, and try to get them adjusted to the unavoidable, you will be astonished at the amount of comfort you can create for yourself.

If you're caged, it does no good to flutter against the bars, better hop up on the perch and sing; you'll live longer.

But how?

Well, use your imagination. Try to idealize the commonplace, paint it with what poetry you can, decorate it—just as a woman compelled to live in a shanty cleans it and puts flower-pots in the window.

And sing. That's what song is for—to lighten labor. If you have to do the washing, keep time on your wash-board, as you rub, to a song—for instance,

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile!"

Learn also to laugh. I mean, to laugh when you want to cry. Find the funny side of things. Everything has one. And it's a great trick to be able to laugh when everybody expects you to whine. It's a fine defiance of fate. It is the soul's triumph. Anybody can laugh at what is funny; but the laughter that fills the soul as with wine is laughter at things that are desperate.

The really happy people in this world, don't forget, are they that like their Routine, and enjoy doing what they must do; and the bored and world-weary people are those that see amusement only in what is novel.

Fools appreciate the unusual; wise folk the usual.

THE ART OF FAILURE

It is much more important to know how to fail than to know how to succeed.

Because most of us fail ten times where we succeed once.

Even in the most successful man's career, every big thing he has put over and advertised is offset by many things wherein he has failed, things of which he says nothing.

We all fail. Life is made up of failures. And the successful people are those that know how to make the best of it, to fall—forward, and to manage so that when they stumble they stumble toward their goal.

How, then, can I make the best of it?

1. By taking the main article in my creed, that, if I am true to my principles, and keep a stout heart, nothing can eventually defeat me. "In due time I shall arrive." It may not be in my way, but it shall be in some way.

2. I am going to live on until I die. I have Life yet, and Life is the answer to all combinations against me.

3. All defeats simply force me back upon God. They make me realize I am the child of the In-

finite. If I am right with the Great Central Power, it is only a question of time till I triumph. For no little potencies can avail at last against the great Infinite Potency.

4. My discomfiture may be intended to purge me of septic spots, to clean me of vanities, flecks of cowardice, points of weakness, to correct my indecision, to show me my lack of preparedness. Let me, then, take my bitter medicine as cheerfully as I can.

5. There is always Tomorrow. And Tomorrow means another chance, a new page, a turn in the road with new vistas. Tomorrow is as much mine as anybody's, and I will eagerly look for what Destiny will deal me.

6. Whatever happens I will be best prepared to meet it if I make the best of what has happened. Only by refusing to be discouraged over the past can I have courage for the future.

7. I will look upon my failures as a part of my education. I will not hold them in my mind and suck discouragement from them. I will look on them as lessons and get what wisdom I can from them. They were not meant to cripple me, but to teach me. The most usable philosophy, the best shrewdness, the greatest skill a man has is what he culls from his defeats. Let anyone look back over his life and see if that is not so. Not your laughter, but your tears did you the most good.

8. Nobody's problem is ideal. Nobody has things just as he would like them. The thing to do is to make a success with what material I have. It is sheer waste of time and soul-power to imagine what I would do if things were different. They are not different. But I can be different.

9. The only place I can really be defeated is in my own soul. Only my own thoughts can conquer me. Only my own passions can consume me. Let me fight it out, then, alone, and triumph in my own arena, no matter if they overcome me in theirs.

10. My self, my mind, my soul, is what matters. I am not a figure in society, a factor in business, a member of this or that group, I am a soul, a little shooting flame of God, who is the Central Fire of all.

Let men and events, then, do their worst. They cannot destroy me. For they cannot find me, the real Me, the unconquerable Spirit.

THE POISON OF SELF-PITY

Get angry with yourself, pat yourself on the back, commend yourself, praise, blame, love, or hate yourself—do anything to yourself, but don't pity yourself.

Self-pity has a certain septic satisfaction, like picking at a sore, and there is an undeniable "luxury of self-dispraise", but it's as dangerous as getting drunk. It's habit-forming. It grows on one. Quit it.

Pity is a glorious and creditable attribute—when it flows out toward another. Then it is like the mountain brook, sparkling, chattering, leaping, the laughter of the woods, the refreshment of bird and beast, carrying health and joy to all who drink of its cool flood or even gaze upon its happy play.

But pity, when it turns upon self, is like a stagnant pool, covered with hateful scum, and concealing ugly, slimy things in its foul ooze.

One who is sorry for himself is already half-beaten.

The self-pitying are abused. Nobody treats them right. People talk about them. Others are promoted over them. They get no proper thanks.

They are unappreciated. Alas! Also, Alack and Woe is Me! Exeunt omnes into the garden and eat worms.

The self-pitiers invite every variety of spiritual microbe to come in and breed.

They are the clouds, mud, and slush of mankind.

They are rarely efficient. No man that hasn't enough healthy egotism to admire himself a bit ever amounts to much.

Bad as egotism is, it is infinitely better than self-contempt.

The self-pitiers are hard to love, trying to live with, and impossible to please.

They cannot enjoy riches, nor appreciate poverty.

When they are well they think they're sick, and when they're sick they think they're worse.

They are gloom-spreaders and heart-depressants.

Self-pity is the most exquisite form of selfishness, the camouflage of impotence, the acme of disagreeableness.

Self-pity requires no brains, no capacity, no worth. It is sheer and utter no-accountness.

If you pity yourself, you are hypnotized by yourself. Come out of it!

No self-pitying troops ever won a battle; no self-pitying clerk ever rose to be general manager; no self-pitying merchant ever made his business thrive; no self-pitying woman ever retained

her husband's love; and no self-pitying human being was ever a help to another human being.

Self-pity is the collapse of all the faculties, it is cowardly surrender in the face of the enemy.

Don't complain! Keep your chin up! The courageous soul, in no matter what conditions, is a point of cheer, a lamp of brightness, a tonic draught, to his fellow-men.

In every city there ought to be a Public Spanker for all Self-Pitiers.

THE DISCIPLINED

Discipline is being one's own schoolmaster.

Discipline means the difference between success and failure.

With it you come to contentment; without it you arrive at peevishness, petulance, and pessimism.

Love, disciplined, means love loyal and continuing, means the family, means not only love's flamboyant Springtime, but its fruitful summer and its peaceful autumn, its golden year.

Thought, disciplined, is constructive, clear, forceful; undisciplined, it becomes muddy, hot, septic.

The disciplined body is healthy, it is cleansed of pains, we have no consciousness of it because it is a perfect servant, we approach the beauty of disembodied souls.

The disciplined hand is the craftsman's hand, the master's; the undisciplined, the slave's.

The disciplined rule over the undisciplined.

The tongue, disciplined, speaks words as sharp weapons, as cut jewels, as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Only the disciplined eye can see the abiding beauty, only the disciplined ear can hear the highest music, only the disciplined soul can "see the kingdom."

Only the disciplined enjoy the classic.

Only the disciplined can tell the truth or listen to it.

To the disciplined success is easier than failure.

The disciplined rise from the ranks.

The disciplined do not lean, they are leaned upon.

The touch of the disciplined is sure, their step is firm, their vision is sharp, their memory concise, their word strong, their silence wise.

Genius, disciplined, is efficient; undisciplined, destructive.

By discipline the invalid gets well, and the well remain so.

The disciplined are saved from self-pity; they never feel abused, neglected, resentful.

Politeness is nothing but self-discipline. The undisciplined are rude, ugly, and disagreeable.

Discipline is civilization. Lack of it makes the barbarian.

Discipline builds cities, runs railroads, sails fleets; the savages live as wild beasts because they are undisciplined.

By discipline comes beauty, both of face and of spirit.

The disciplined always get the best of things;

for they love without lust, drink without drunkenness, eat without gluttony, play without excess, work without impatience, get money without greed and spend it without hurt.

The disciplined are the thoroughbreds; the undisciplined are the scrubs.

The disciplined overcome; and it is written:

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna; and I will give him the morning star."

THE HAPPIEST MAN

I am the happiest man in the world, said my friend, because I have found my work.

I do what all men dream of doing. That is, I am doing what all my life I've wanted to do.

I like to do what I have to do. And I'm dreadfully sorry for most folks, because they don't like to do what they are at.

Every other kind of happiness palls. Only this abides, wears, grows—this joy of finding one's work.

Talk about your millionaires—I've seen 'em. They're not an interesting lot, and their children are worse—bored, restless, fretful, and aimless. Of course I've often wished I had a million dollars. Everybody has wished that. But it's a good thing, when you wish hard for something, to go and visit the man that has got it. I know a number of men who have a million, and I don't know one of them that I would call downright happy.

Then, at some time in your life you think you'd be happy if you could get the woman you want. Well, I know several that got her. And I wouldn't

exactly say that recipe for happiness is infallible.

There are a lot of other things people hanker after. Mrs. Newrich wants a place in society, Mrs. Bonehead wants pretty clothes, Mr. Smirk wants to be elected to something, this man wants to be a colonel and that one wants to be a magnate, and each of us has his inner ikon that he secretly worships.

Well, me, I've always wanted to do just exactly what I'm doing now. I do it well. I satisfy those I deal with. I fit.

And I make bold to say that I'm the happiest man on earth. At least I belong to the Independent Order of the Happy Ones.

To this Order belong the engineer who loves to climb into his cab and lay his hand on the throttle, the carpenter who is never so glad as when he takes up his plane and saw, the teacher whose brightest moment of the day is when she steps into her schoolroom, the housewife who loves her job of looking after the children and making home cheery and would not change places with the idlest and snippiest doll at Palm Beach, the reporter who looks with pity upon all who do not have his privileges, the chauffeur whose notion of heaven is driving his own car sixty miles an hour along the golden street, and all other blessed mortals who like to do what they've got to do.

I don't want to be chesty, he continued, nor up-

pish, nor sinfully proud, and I say nothing against the multitude of square pegs in round holes; but I just naturally thank God I fit.

THE CREED OF THE DECENT

I am decent.

I am not particularly pious, nor normal, nor good, nor cultured, nor superior, but just plain decent.

I don't like dirt.

I don't like soiled clothes, nor unkempt hair, nor finger-nails in mourning, nor muddy shoes, nor coarse speech.

I am not finicky, nor proper, nor fussy, nor fastidious. I am decent.

I like wholesome things, a white table-cloth, an individual drinking-cup, a clean plate, a tidy bed, and a child with its face washed.

I don't like adulterated bread, adulterated drinks, nor adulterated people.

I like a man that sticks to his legal wife, and a woman that is fond of her own husband.

I don't care for gay Lotharios nor soiled doves; not that they're wicked; they're just nasty.

I don't like profanity nor salacity. They are smudges that obscure wit, blots that offend clever speech—they are as egg on a shirt-bosom or tomato-sauce on the waist-front.

I don't like suggestively naughty plays nor movie pictures that appeal to snickering louts.

I don't like novels that reek of undisciplined sex feeling, nor magazines that cater to the seekers after licentiousness. Idealized, the sex instinct is beautiful, human, and wholesome; purely physical, it is the same as a rotten apple or water fresh from the sewer.

I don't like Bohemianism that means soaplessness, nor liberty that eventuates only in disorder.

There are plenty of unclean and foul things and deeds and thoughts in the world; it is the province of art at times to depict them; but no artist has a rignt to put such things into his work unless he can idealize them, can invest them with a noble passion, or make them instruments of a beautiful reaction.

No book, picture, statue, or story has any excuse to exist, unless it ministers to beauty, though often the uncouth can be made singularly to reveal spiritual beauty.

I don't like dealers in scandal, ugly hints, innuendoes nor any of the stab-in-the-back gentry. They are the slimy snakes and stinging mosquitoes of the human race.

I don't like anybody who talks against Uncle Sam. If any person does not like this country let him go to another. To live in Uncle Sam's house and whisper against him is nasty.

For a wife to speak slurringly of her husband,

or a husband to speak so of his wife, is also dirt.

I don't like spies, sneaks, tattle-tales, trouble-makers. They are the same as lice. Ugh!

I like the nakedness of cleanliness better than the covers of perfumery.

I like clean anger better than a smoky grudge.

I don't like religion that is an ugly fanaticism, nor learning that is an offensive egotism, nor any excellence that is degraded to selfish ends.

I may be poor, but I can be clean. I may be ignorant, but I can be polite. I may be wicked, but I don't have to be coarse.

I am one of the great mass of the people in these United States who will put up with almost anything but—dirt.

From dirt, physical, mental, or emotional, from all dirt, good Lord deliver us!

BRINGING FORTH THE SOMEBODY YOU WANT TO BE

I consider the most vital point in my life, as far as happiness is concerned, to be the day I read, in "Sartor Resartus," many years ago, what Carlyle wrote about happiness being like a common fraction.

In substance what he said was, that happiness is as the value of a common fraction, of which the Denominator stands for The-Things-You-Think-You-Ought-To-Have, and the Numerator for The-Things-You-Actually-Have.

For instance, if you think you ought to have a hundred dollars, and you actually have only ten dollars, you are one-tenth happy; while if you think you ought to have only ten dollars, and really have one hundred dollars, you are ten times happy.

Now, we learned at school the rule that "the value of a common fraction can be increased either by multiplying the numerator or by dividing the denominator."

Hence, if I have but ten dollars, and think I ought to have one hundred dollars, I can increase

my happiness in either one of two ways: (1) by getting more dollars, raising my possessions say, up to one hundred dollars, that is multiplying the numerator; or, on the other hand, by changing my thought, so that I think I ought to have only ten dollars, that is, dividing the denominator. In the first case the result is one hundred hundredths; in the latter case it is ten-tenths; which amount exactly to the same thing.

The secret of this wisdom is that by altering one's thought one can accomplish the same end as by altering one's circumstances. And as to this it is worth while to note, as follows:

I. It is always possible to divide the denominator (change one's thought), and often impossible to multiply the numerator (get more things).

II. It is easier also to rectify your notion of what you desire (divide the denominator) than it is to get enough things to be your deserts.

III. The world is divided into two classes, the wise and the foolish. The wise strive to want less and the fools to get more.

IV. Those who try to gain happiness by getting more things are foolish, because human nature is such that the more you get the more you want. Unconsciously when you multiply the numerator you multiply the denominator at the same time; the value of the fraction remains the same; you do not become any happier.

Thus it is of most common occurrence that the man who has worked his way up from poverty to riches, from low positions to high office, finds himself as miserable as he was at first. The wealthy Irish contractor looks back at the days when he worked with the pick, and wonders why he was happier then than now. The reason is simple; he wanted less; his denominator was small.

V. The human soul is insatiable. It is as impossible to satisfy it by giving it things, as it would be to fill the bottomless pit with a pint cup. Pour all earth and all heaven into a soul, and it will cry for more. The story that Alexander "sighed for more worlds to conquer" is psychologically correct. To gain the whole world is to lose your own soul, because you have gained nothing but a fever, that twenty worlds could not cool.

VI. It took me a good many years to digest and assimilate this truth. It shattered all my preconceived ideas. It was directly contrary to the ambition of all the world around me. It did not "convert" me in a minute, but grew like a seed, long and slowly. It entered among my thoughts and transformed them one by one, through years of experience. But I consider it the most vital truth I have ever learned.

VII. I have discovered that this truth is the core and gist of all religions, as far as their man-word bearings are concerned. That is to say, that

part of any religion that "helps" us, gives us patience, strength, and wisdom (not that part that dogmatizes or speculates about the hereafter and the unknowable) amounts to just this:

Learn to adjust your thought to the universe, and cease striving to adjust the universe to your thought.

This, I take it, is the gist of Jesus. It is "the Christian's secret of a happy life." It was that which gave the early Christians such an experience, such a quality of joy, that they astounded the heathen when, as Matthew Arnold expressed it:

> "On that hard pagan world disgust
> And secret loathing fell;
> Deep weariness and sated lust
> Made human life a hell."

This is the gist of Buddha, who turned his followers from the pursuit of pleasures to the reduction of desires (dividing the denominator).

I find the same idea in Confucius, in Socrates, and in every great illuminated soul that has helped men toward peace and poise.

It is the gist of the Mystics and of Maeterlinck, who has so beautifully interpreted their spirit for modern folk.

It is the valuable kernel in Christian Science, that portion of its teaching that brings tangible results.

And, above all, it is the gospel of New Thought,

for the very essence of that system is its emphasis upon the value of the soul's control and mastery of itself (dividing the denominator).

In conclusion, I am not dogmatizing now, nor preaching to others, and I do not presume to say that this idea will mean to them all it has meant to me, for I well know that truth cannot be handed from one person to another, as one would hand bread or money, but is to be taken only into minds that are hungry for it, minds wherein it will live and grow and become flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone, if you will pardon the stretched simile.

And in all this, I am only telling my own experience.

THE UNCONQUERABLE

The battle is not lost so long as you have a leg to stand on and a gun to fire.

There is no tragedy where there is not weakness. Even in destruction and death the real hero rises unconquerable.

Men may take your money from you, deprive you of liberty, lock you up in prison, torture you; but they cannot defeat you, even as naked hands cannot smother the high flame. Fate itself, the plotting stars, the plan of destiny, cannot overcome you, if only you be of good courage. By and by the universe retires tired before the soul that will not fear. Whatever theologies say, there is but one unpardonable sin in nature; it is to be afraid.

Courage is the primal virtue. It was the first flower of mastery to bloom in the human race. It is the universal virtue. There have been savage tribes who have known not so much as a name for some of the moral excellencies of our civilization; there has never existed a tribe who did not revere courage.

There are always reasons for giving up. Argu-

ments for self-pity are thick as blackberries. The world is crowded with thorns and cruelties, causes for tears. Courage is the divine unreason against which as against a rock the waves of disaster beat in vain.

Say to yourself: "I am the unconquerable. I shall arrive. In the center of creation sits not an enemy, but my Friend. 'I shall arrive,—what time, what circuit first, I ask not. In some time, His good time, I shall arrive.' Let come what will, I shall never say I am beaten. I am not a negligible molecule, a mote in the sunbeam, a worm; I am a man; and so help me God! I shall play the man."

THE MOST INTERESTING MAN I KNOW

The most interesting person I know is myself.

This is not a matter of egotism, but a matter of fact. That is to say, I am interesting to me, not because I am grand and noble, not because I am famous or rich or clever, but because I am the one person upon whom I have spent the most time and thought; the one person whose success most pleases and whose failure most discomfits me; the one person whose career has been to me the most surprising; the one whose faults and excellencies are the most absurd mixture; the one whom my wife seems to like best; the one my friends are always asking about; the one whose life expectancy concerns me most; and the one who is to me the most inexplicable mystery.

I make a living writing about myself, what I think and want, hate and admire. And this, not because I am an extraordinary being, but because I am perhaps—if I may be pardoned for boasting—the most ordinary person in the world.

The earth is so crowded with distinguished people that I gain considerable conspicuousness by

being common. In the ranks of the common people I am grade A.

I like what most people like, do what most people do, sin about like the common run, and am good just about as the average man is good.

I am so, not because I care for votes for anything, and not to gain popularity, but because I like it. I do not want to be elected to any office; I do not want to sit on the platform at any meeting; I do not want my family to be invited to important social affairs; and I like to see my name in print only when (as in this instance) I get money for it.

I do not crave to belong to any exclusive set, to any lodge, club, church, association, esoteric cult, or anything else where everybody can not come in. I like the crowd on the sidewalk.

I like folks, and hate a class of any kind. I work for a living, but refuse to call myself a member of the working class. I read books and know a few languages, and can argue a bit, but am not of the intellectual or cultured class. I go in at times for painting, sculpture, and music, but am not of the artistic class. I have a few dollars in the bank, and own some Liberty Bonds, but am not of the capitalistic class.

I am just a plain, ordinary human being; and make my living, and have achieved whatever distinction I may have by writing for plain, ordinary human beings.

I am the apostle of the obvious—which, as it is the last thing most people look for in print, induces the newspapers to keep on printing my stuff.

Sometimes you see a dog that is so ugly he's pretty, or a man who is so excruciatingly moral that he is immoral, or a woman who is so proper that she is improper, or a light so bright that it is darkness.

I am so darned uninteresting that I am interesting.

LARGENESS OF HEART

Solomon is reputed to be "the wisest man."

When the Lord asked him what he wanted most, he answered, "Largeness of Heart."

The more we think that over, the more we are convinced that Solomon's reputation is not without foundation.

Largeness of Heart—is anything better?

It means power to love radiantly, to act nobly, to think deeply, to enjoy richly, to suffer divinely, to plan magnificently.

It means room in the heart for both lover, neighbor, and friend, for children and animals, for other nations than our own, for the poor and the rich, for nature, and for all things God has made.

It means hospitality for all opinions, appreciation for all faiths, response to all enthusiasms.

The Large of Heart have no enemies, for they have already understood them, and to understand is to forgive.

What ails most of us is our Narrowness of Heart.

We are overwhelmed with Today, because the heart has no Tomorrow.

We are imprisoned in the cell of fear.

We are islanded in the foggy sea of doubt.

We are ringed about with the serpent-fire of suspicion.

We are walled up in pride.

We are bound hand and foot by the bands of undisciplined passion, unintelligent credulity, fatuous ignorance.

Narrowness of Heart makes war; Largeness of Heart makes peace. Narrowness brings tears; Largeness wipes them away.

Enlarge your Heart!

Why live in a hut when you should dwell in a palace?

Call in the workmen—Courage, Hope, Love, Wisdom, and Cheer—that they may tear down your mud walls and erect for you a king's palace.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!"

JUDGMENT

The program of the embattled nations, nominally Christian, professing to acknowledge Jesus Christ as King of Kings, is opposed to Jesus and his principles.

He taught utter reliance upon the spiritual force of righteousness, and forbade physical force, saying, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." He approved the law, "Thou shalt not kill"; they spend their utmost strength in men and machinery for the purpose of killing. He said to resist not evil, to overcome by justice, kindness, and the higher human dynamics; they contend as brutes.

For the individual, they partly acknowledge his authority; for nations, they flout it.

So they have sowed the wind and are reaping the whirlwind.

He said all men are brothers; they have fostered race-hate and called it patriotism, and have slaughtered men of different race and speech and called it glorious.

He loved the common people; the whole fabric

of their government is based upon the class system.

He stood for justice "unto this last"; they have reduced the workers to misery in peace and cannon-fodder in war.

He declared man's soul to be worth the whole world; they have counted the offended vanity of dynasties worth thousands of humble lives.

He condemned violence; they have kept armed to the teeth, and have made heroes of their bloodiest butchers.

They have cast out of their councils his rule of love, forbearance, and co-operation, and have substituted suspicion, ferocity, and destruction.

It is for this that the Day of Reckoning has come, and that over the apostate nations gather clouds and darkness.

THE USE OF PAIN

Pain is a strange wind that stirs the most inward leaves of the soul. It is an Amfortas-lance that touches the core of life's wound. It is a bird of mystery that sings the fearful beauty of existence. It is the storm that gathers, the thunder that rolls, the lightning that flashes in the unexplored regions of consciousness.

The core of every religion, from Buddhism to the many variants of Christianity, is some sort of an attempt at solving the problem of suffering.

The inner shrine of worship is sorrow.

The whole task of Man is to ascend from the brute to the spirit. Pain is the hill he must climb. In the eyes of the sage, pain is neither a blessing nor a curse. It is an opportunity. Like all things that happen, it is not ill or good in itself, but its value depends upon the soul that uses it.

So Man does not seek pain by flogging, starving, mutilating, and abusing himself, arbitrarily denying himself; he does not court pain or boast of it, nor does he pose as a martyr.

To him it is the price of higher values. He

accepts it bravely, when to dodge it would mean self-contempt. If by pain he can attain to honesty, purity, or the giving of joy to others, he thinks the price is cheap.

There are two classes of people, Masters and Slaves, the Noble and the Contemptible, the Great and the Little.

The great, noble, and master-souls are they that have learned self-mastery. And the first step to that is to learn how to bear pain.

For them, every suffering means an increase in stature, in strength, and in beauty.

For the slavish, contemptible, and little souls, pain is panic and defeat, and they become hard, morbid, and bitter, or whining and disagreeable.

Happiness is the aim of us all; but to know how to deal with pain introduces us to a higher and more permanent kind of happiness.

The art of life, then, is to adjust oneself to pain and to learn its use.

Pain is the curb-bit of law, the whip of the eternal order.

Out of pain come the sweetest flowers of the spirit—courage, self-control, patience, and fortitude.

You cannot understand pain until you understand that life is not a pursuit of happiness, a search for ease, but is a training for greatness.

When you have come to appreciate the high joy of self-mastery, the inner reward of service,

the privilege of loving, and the gladness of adjustment to nature and to humanity, you will find a place for pain, drink unshrinking its bitter cup, and be thankful for the strong medicine of the high gods, who would not that men remain coarse or foolish creatures, fed only upon pleasure, but that they may be strong fighters in the vast upward struggle of all living things.

YOURSELF

Your greatest enemy is yourself.

The only person who can drag you down into drunkenness, thievery, or uncleanness is yourself.

It is the fashion to talk much maudlin self-pity, and to blame environment, heredity, temperament, fate, and your fellow-creatures for the evils that happen to you.

No real calamity ever crushed you that did not enter the door you unlocked yourself.

All hell could not make you despair, except yourself joined in.

Every stone in the edifice of your character was laid by your own hands.

Fate, malicious people, and other factors can threaten, hurt, and wound you; nothing and nobody can put you down but yourself.

You are your greatest enemy if you are a coward; but if you are brave, you are your greatest friend.

The one unquenchable light is the human soul —the one unconquerable force.

Only when you love yourself rationally are you qualified to love others helpfully.

Only when you revere yourself and fear yourself are you capable of reverence and fear toward God.

The world is but the mirror of yourself. Keep clean, and you see clean men and women everywhere. Be cheerful, and all mankind smiles. Be unafraid of events and men, and the stars in their courses will fight for you.

Whether you be a convict in prison or a bedridden invalid or a betrayed wife or a victim of the conspiracy of men or of the accidents of fate, if you fall back upon yourself, believe in yourself, and are loyal to yourself, you will succeed.

Let all the world despise you—it makes no matter as long as you do not despise yourself.

Whatever the past may have been, begin now to stand for yourself, your best self, the high and great self that you know you are, away in the deep recesses of your heart.

Stand! Yield not an inch! Be faithful to yourself! And from this moment things shall take a turn.

THE SERVERS

The cry of the Old Gospel was, "Save!" That of the New Gospel is, "Serve!"

Yet we have not changed, only grown. The New comes out of the Old. We have learned that to serve is to save.

The moral force of yesterday sought to save men from a hell hereafter; the ethical enthusiasm of today is directed toward saving men from hellishness here.

Christendom is shaken with a new conscience as by an earthquake. We are in the midst of economic upheavals more radical than the French Revolution.

The Servers are striking more deeply than the Savers ever struck.

The Servers say Labor shall no more be exploited, trodden, tortured for the benefit of the endowed.

They are carving the hereditary parks of private lords into gardens for the people.

They are taking the children out of mines and factories and putting them into schools.

They are wresting public utilities from the wealth-barons and giving them into the hands of the people.

They are making of every woman a citizen.

They are determined to give every baby a square deal.

They are bringing back beauty to money-mad cities.

They have sentenced to death the two chief enemies of the race, War and Alcohol.

We are more profoundly religious now than were the men of any previous era. But we are not saving brands from the burning; we are putting out the fire.

The Savers gave up the world as lost, and attempted to rescue a few. The Servers have the bold purpose of transforming the world.

The call of the Savers was for missionaries. The call of the Servers is for citizens.

PROGRESS

One would naturally suppose that, in a thousand years or so, people would accumulate a little sense; but one would be mistaken.

Plain horse sense tells us that the only way for a race to progress is to make each new generation better than the old. The only way to do this is to train every child in the nation.

This does not mean training in arithmetic and literature, but in useful labor, in self-control, in honesty, in team-work, and in the arts of government by democracy.

If we gave every boy and girl a thorough education of that kind, nine-tenths of our social evils and personal perversions would disappear.

Almost every hardened criminal in our cities is a neglected boy. Most of the scarlet women of our streets enlisted before they were eighteen.

We howl about decent wages for shop-girls. No girl has any business to be working for a living. Neither has any boy. They have a *right* to be equipped by the state for self-supporting citizenship.

Behold us now! We exert ourselves through churches and missions to "rescue the perishing" in city slums—which amounts to squirting a half-inch stream upon a house afire.

We are punishing criminals in courts, penning them up in rotten prisons, hanging them by the neck, or killing them by electricity. Yet anybody who knows history knows that this does not and never did stop crime.

We are treating human nature as bad, and are trying to "redeem" it and "punish" it. But we cannot improve human nature until we believe in it, love it, train it, and trust it.

Bring our economic conditions into line with justice. Give every born baby a square deal. Abolish our endowed class and the mediæval fiction of the right of inheritance which maintains that class. Make everybody work for a living. And train every child to earn a living.

Humanity is incurably good. All it needs is a decent chance. Take as good care of your children as you do of your hogs and horses, if you want fine human stock. That means all children: none must be neglected.

EVERYMAN

Everyman is my brother, and should be my equal in opportunity. No two people are equal in muscle, health, brain-power, or morals; in such things there can be no equality, but only that infinite variety that marks all manifestations of life. But justice shall never come upon earth until Everyman has a fair chance.

Everyman is my master. William C. Redfield tells of seeing over the desk of a prosperous businessman in Rotterdam, this motto, "Every man I meet is my master in some point, and in this I learn of him." To despise any human being is a mistake. Everyman can teach me something.

Everyman is my kin. I may belong to a lodge, a club, a church, a party, or a family, and call my fellow members "brothers"; but there is something to which I belonged before I joined any of these, and which has first claim to my loyalty and helpfulness—and that is the human race. Everyman, no matter how poor or how rich, is entitled to my assistance, as far as in me lies, to procure for him justice and protection in his rights. Every

baby in China or Afghanistan has a claim to my support. Every criminal rightly demands my sympathy. Every human being struggling in this untoward world has a right to my helping hand. There are no aliens. There are no foreigners. There are no enemies.

Everyman is in part my maker. What I am is mainly the reflection and influence of Everyman.

I may build up my conscious mind; it is Everyman that forms my subconscious mind, and the latter is nine-tenths of me.

I cannot escape from Everyman. He embraces me as the ocean. He surrounds me as the atmosphere.

I can have no good thing that I do not share with Everyman. Whatever virtue, ideal, vision, comfort, or power I have that Everyman does not to a degree participate in, is unwholesome. I can have no real liberty until Everyman has his liberty, the right to live his own life.

Everyman's goodness uplifts me. Everyman's vice infects me. Everyman's disease, perversion, greed, hatred, and brutishness exercise a certain pull on me.

To love my friends is instinct; to love my clique is intelligent selfishness; to love Everyman is religion.

In me is a certain nerve attuned to Everyman, a certain sympathy for Everyman, a certain con-

sciousness of Everyman. To develop this nerve, this sympathy, and this consciousness, is the purpose of destiny. For this the world was built.

IN TUNE

I saw a school yard full of boys; they were shrieking, laughing, leaping, running; the bell rang, and they fell in line to enter the house; their faces were flushed; their eyes sparkled; they were in tune, in tune with life, with the whole-souled democracy of the playground, with the twang of the taut strings of youth.

I saw a young girl of eighteen in the midst of a bevy of college girls; she glowed like a ruby in the sun, like a diamond under gaslight, like Venus, lush, blue, and crystal, sailing her Zodiac way; she was in tune, and all the world about her leaned toward her as flowers bend to the sun, as hearts by instinct reach out to beauty.

I saw a woman busy at her housework; she was deft, quick, and made no useless moves; she washed the dishes with a tennis zest; she swept the floor with a golf enthusiasm; she baked a pie with that same lovingness of labor with which the artist makes a statue; she moved swiftly, as a bee moves gathering honey; she was in tune, and her baby upon the floor cooed and crowed as if volts of electric joy passed through his spirit.

I saw a man walking in the street; his step was full of spring; he side-stepped through the throng with as much zest as children show in blindman's buff; he so radiated vitality and cheer that many people turned to look after him; he was in tune, in tune with the cataract of humanity pouring by him, with the high buildings about him, with the vast, roaring currents of vitality, now buffeting him, now bearing him on.

I saw a young man and a maid strike hands, and their souls and bodies trembled with cosmic joy; they were in tune.

I saw an orator melt the crowd into a common passion; he had set them in tune.

I saw a mother kneeling by her dead child; she writhed in the torture of discord; she prayed, and by and by ineffable peace broke like dawn upon her storm-twisted features; she had got in tune.

The secret of life is to be in tune.

ANCESTORS OF ANGELS

We are the ancestors of angels. Every child born into the world is a little better than the child of the preceding generation.

As the darkness of night pales into dawn, and as the fogs are dispersed and the clouds scattered by the upcoming "steep sun of summer," so the landscape of souls is growing lighter, the world of men is swinging up out of the shadows.

Babies were once born into an environment of fear—fear of the gods, fear of hell, fear of knowledge, fear of men and of women, fear of all nations not their own.

But we were born into a public opinion which looks on the Deity as friendly and just, welcomes science, sees the power of co-operation to be greater than that of contention, makes of woman a divine leader instead of a living tempter, and seriously proposes the abolition of war.

What will be the tenth generation from now? What the twentieth? What half-gods shall be our children's children?

The past is full of the dark institutions of cruelty. It rides upon the present as the Old Man

of the Sea rode upon the back of Sinbad the Sailor; its long gray arms throttle the soul of progress.

But in the clean air of the twentieth century we are gaining strength to shake off the incubus of tradition. Like Siegfried we attack the flames that hedge our ideal, and find them theatric and harmless.

Once understood, ancient fraud and venerable privilege and institutional injustice must crumble in time.

Pride in ancestry! What is it compared to the inspiration of posterity?

O those men to come—they shall be how magnificent in wisdom, in courage, in rounded greatness! Those women to come—how like the goddesses of Greece, free, beautiful, commanding, worthy of worship!

Well for you and me if, even in small part, we can write for our epitaph the words of John Davidson,

> "And thus I made the world a fit abode
> For greatness and the men who yet may be!"

THE BLOOD OF THE WORLD

In the House of Life I met a woman whose beauty was blinding as the sun, whose voice shook me as a fever, whose hand upon my hand awoke every nerve in my body. When I was near her my imaginations became keen and wonderful, as if I were drunken; and my soul was sick with sweet longings. I asked her, "What is your name?" and she answered:

"I am Joy. I am the secret of life. I am the reason of motion. I am the cause of the continuous chain of generation. I am the motive of progress, of the accumulation of knowledge, of books, of wars, of commerce, of invention, of art, of luxury, of labor, of rest, and of love. I am the seed of civilization.

"I am the mother of Ormuzd and Ahriman, the undying twins, for because of me men are both good and bad. I am the fountain of good and of evil.

"I am the spring of activity. By me all things function.

"I am Health. When men have me they are well. When they lose me they become diseased.

"I make the sap flow in the trees, the flowers unfold, the pollen fall, the fruits swell and sweeten, and young lovers kiss.

"I make the kitten chase its tail, the thrush sing in the hedge, and the little lambs leap up with all four feet at once.

"By me swallows fly, insects dart and hover, fishes pierce the water, snakes curl, and dogs wag their tails.

"I am the voice of things. By me bulls bellow, sheep bleat, horses neigh, swine grunt, jackals howl, lions roar, geese honk, crickets sing at night and larks of mornings, and children shout, men laugh, and women sing.

"I am the life-juice of Ygdrasil, the tree of life. I am the electric current trembling along the wires of the universe. I am the soul of the Cosmos. I am the breath of God. I am the explanation of existence.

"I am the Blood of the World.

"I am Joy."

THE UGLIFIERS

You have read a lot of beauty hints. Suppose you attend awhile to some ugliness hints. Perhaps by avoiding the things that make your face repellent, you may save what beauty you have or even attain to a beauty you have not.

There are certain stains that leak through from your inner thoughts and leave unmistakable splotches on your face.

They are not spots of yellow or brown, but of spirit-discoloration.

A repulsive air can drive love away. Hence, note these things:

Worry mars the brow and mouth. No eye wants to dwell upon a countenance where trouble sits. Thoughts of peace, calm, and cheer attract us, as flowers in a garden attract us. Don't worry: if you can help things, help them; if you cannot, why worry?

Anger distorts the features. Nobody wants to see an angry man, still less an angry woman.

Hate, or a grudge, or an evil wish toward any human being smears the face as if with a tarred

brush. That sort of thing pushes all souls away from you. Whereas, good-will and a hope for anyone's success or happiness make your face draw us to you with a strong lure.

Vanity, pride, and egoism are uglifiers. The moment a proud and perky idea enters your mind it casts a sort of a goose-shadow on your facial expression. It rouses in the beholder a lively desire to get away from you.

One of the ugliest of spiritual dyes that deface men and women is jealousy. Jealousy has nothing to do with love; it is inflamed egotism. If you knew how repulsive you look when that wretched feeling is in you, you would cast it out. Self-pity is also a face-spoiler. If the whiners only knew how they are detested!

Bitterness of heart, inner self-contempt, despair, pessimism, and all such nasty heart-liquors deform the eye and lend a hateful cast to the mouth.

The face is no more than the soul-window. It is a sort of glass through which the spirit shines. And any person, no matter how ill-featured by birth, can have a winning and a beautiful face if he will only put gracious, fine, and cheerful thoughts behind it.

THE FLAME

"The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," said the wisest man. Whoever has not love is an unlit candle.

The gifts of genius, the property of the rich, the beauty of women, the strength of men are as cold and unused wax until lit by love. Love is the miraculous flame that discloses the purpose of created things.

Love is the only source of joy. Those whom it touches become glad.

There is but one real sorrow upon earth; it is to be loveless. All other griefs are tolerable; this is intolerable.

When we cease to love we cease to live; from that on, until our burial, we but exist.

Love is life. It founds and preserves the family. It alone is procreative. Without it, the race would perish.

Love is understanding. You cannot understand the trees and flowers, the ocean, and the night-sky until you love them. You cannot know any human being until you love him. With the intel-

lect you can but classify and analyze; only by love can you understand.

Love is the touchstone of truth. Whoever does not love is forever deceived; he walks in a maze; he never discovers the real. So the truth about God has ever remained in the hearts of the simple, who adore, and is not found among theolollians who argue.

Love is justice, for we are never just except to those we love.

Love is redemptive. Hate, vengeance, and punishment never made a bad man good. Love alone has performed this wonder.

Love transforms. It touches coarse desire and makes it sacramental. It comes to the greedy, and they become generous. Beneath its hand despair turns to hope, and the darkened heart is lit with a thousand candles; the mean are ennobled; the cruel become kind, and bitter souls are changed to sweet.

Love is force. The loveless life is impotent.

Love is the blood of the soul. Anemic souls develop diseases such as envy, despair, morbidity, jealousy, revenge, lust, and murder.

Love is law. The law that is not love is by and by repealed; but the law that is love, not one jot or tittle of it shall pass away.

Love is growth. Out of the strifes of war and wealth-getting, the world is moving into the era of co-operation and love.

Love alone is stronger than death; and the one convincing reason for immortality is that the dead are loved. Woe to him whose heart is an unlit candle!

SAILS

"Let us think sometimes," writes Maurice Maeterlinck, "of the great invisible ship that carries our human destinies upon eternity. Like the vessels of our confined oceans, she has her sails and her ballast. The fear that she may pitch or roll on leaving the roadstead is no reason for increasing the weight of the ballast by stowing the fair, white sails in the depths of the hold. They were not woven to moulder side by side with cobblestones in the dark. Ballast exists everywhere; all the pebbles of the harbor, all the sands on the beach will serve for it. But sails are rare and precious things; their place is not in the murk of the well but amid the light of the tall masts, where they will collect the winds of space."

The human race cannot be divided into sail-men and ballast-men. Rather each one of us has somewhat of the one and somewhat of the other nature.

Our enthusiasms, intoxicating ideals, flaming convictions—these are our sails.

Our prudence, wisdom, care, and hesitation—these are our ballast.

What I here wish to remind you of is that your real worth-whileness lies in your sails.

These are the rare, wonderful, and efficient part of you.

Sails make wealth, create great works, master mankind. Any fathead can keep wealth and hold great office if he has ballast enough.

Do not be afraid to think far, ultimate thoughts, to dare believe absolute and shattering truths, utterly to ignore the practical for the reasonable, to let your heart and your mind go the limit.

So let us believe in beauty, in goodness, and in love, and that some day these shall reign over all people.

Let us believe in the triumph of justice in industry, and that all privilege shall one day cease.

Let us attack ancient frauds, impregnable and vested wrongs, and all the re-enforced concrete of injustice in government, in art, and in society, with the foolish confidence of youthful spirits. Let the boneheads be careful.

Let us set what sails we have. Let the dull and prudent and timid souls make ballast.

HEART

The greatest force in the world is Heart.

What the sun is to the planets, and to all forms of life thereon, Heart is to all spirits.

If we are better than our forefathers, it is because we have more Heart. The only progress worth while is progress in Heart. Humanity advances only as it becomes more humane.

Thirteenth-century charity gave alms to beggars; twentieth-century charity studies to change the conditions that make beggars. Hearts are wiser.

Thirteenth-century religion strove to pluck a few souls from a lost world, as "brands from the burning"; twentieth-century religion would put out the fire. Hearts are bolder.

Some labor-people think the workingman's rise is due to the power of organization—the fear it gives and the violence it can use. But every improvement in labor has been caused by the widening of the world's Heart.

Slavery was abolished, not by arms but by the

pity of it. So it is gone forever. For what is put down by bayonets can be set up again by bayonets; but what Heart conquers is defeated forever.

War must cease. All the battle-ships shall rust; all the forts shall crumble, and all the guns of death shall be silenced by the militant Heart of the human race.

The pulse-beats of the world's Heart grow ever stronger. They sound to the ears of them that can hear like the ticking clocks of doom. They shall destroy all ancient frauds. They shall beat down all injustice.

Class shall be abolished and its victims released from their hideous cells by Heart.

Children shall be plucked from stunting labor and set in schools by Heart.

The appalling lie that criminals can be cured by cruelty shall be abandoned; we shall cure and heal wrong souls as our Heart deepens and understands.

Heart shall permeate government, sending pure blood through the arteries of democracy.

Heart shall purge religion of its partisanship, of its contentions.

Heart shall change business from being a war, and shall make it the joyous team-play of the whole people.

It is the Heart that founds the family, guards little children, liberates women, unites men in wel-

fare, enriches life, and plants upon death the evergreen of hope.

The eternal prayer of the world is for largeness of Heart.

WHAT'S THE USE?

A skull and cross-bones, and underneath the device: "What's the Use?" That is the dark flag flying at the head of the hosts of Despair.

"What's the use?" says the girl. She is tired of trying. Every circumstance seems a push of Fate. The arts of bad men and the indifference of good, the heartlessness of women, and the persistency of evil luck—all combine against her. She takes "the easiest way."

The bank clerk yields, embezzles; the ex-convict struggles awhile to be straight, and gives up; the harassed wife turns to betrayal; the bankrupt merchant flees by the way of suicide. "What's the use?" they say.

It is the coward's question. It is the pusillanimous whine of the weakling. It is the despicable excuse of the traitor.

For there is always Use. If you have failed, it is only that you are to succeed in a better way, if you will. If you have done folly, it is that out of it shall come a maturer wisdom. If you have sinned, it is that by repentance and reformation you shall enter into a more human, a warmer purity.

The one great teaching that runs through all religions is that we may step upon our dead selves, and make our faulty past be the stairs whereon to climb to a finer future.

No more damnable gospel was ever spread than that for you, or any man or woman, there is no hope.

If you have a stout heart left and any piece of sovereign will, rise up, take the open road, adjust your burden better to your shoulders, and breast once more this adventurous existence.

The first belief is a belief in your star, in your partnership with favorable destiny.

Say to Despair and Gloom and all their maudlin sisters, "What's the use?" And rise up and come away!

YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear, and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and at starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the

unfailing, childlike appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies you are old.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage, and power from the earth, from men, and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the wires are down, and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty, and may God have mercy upon your soul!

TODAY AND THE NEW YEAR

The best thing you have in this world is Today. Here it is, a wonderful treasure, a marvelous jewel. It's yours, all yours. It's in your hands. What are you going to do with it?

Today is your savior; it is often crucified between two thieves, Yesterday and Tomorrow.

Today you can be happy, not yesterday nor tomorrow. There is no happiness except Today's.

Most of our misery is left over from yesterday or borrowed from tomorrow. Keep Today clean. Make up your mind to enjoy your food, your work, your play, Today anyhow.

Time is not divided into three parts, past, present, and future. There is only one real time: it is Now.

You can do anything, if you'll only go at it a day at a time.

If you're bereaved, betrayed, heart-broken, why, take a day off. One day will not matter. Today put away your festering thoughts. Today take some simple joys. Today be a little happy in the sunshine. You can do it. It's the burden of

the coming days, weeks, years, that crushes us. The present is always tolerable.

Whoever planned this life of ours did well in giving it to us one day at a time. We don't have to live it all at once, thanks be! We've only got to get through till bedtime.

And at the end of every day we are bathed in death. In sleep we go back to our original nothingness. Every morning we are born again.

Why let life oppress you? You don't have to live your life, only a day of it. Come, let's finish our small task manfully. It's not long.

Don't let life mass against you. Attack it in detail and you can easily triumph.

"Oh, but I can't help thinking of the Past. And one must plan for the Future."

To be sure. Only forget not that it is not the Past that determines the Present; it is the Present that determines the Past.

The Past is what we make of it. It is the temper of the Present that qualifies it. It all depends upon how you now consider it, whether it bring you despair or discouragement.

Suck out its wisdom, keep its lessons, utilize its experience, make of all those things elements of present power. But forget its septic qualities. Don't let the Past unman you, benumb you with remorse, weaken you with self-contempt.

The poet says we rise by stepping on our dead

selves. And as for the Future, the best preparation for it is an unafraid Today.

Whatever hills you have to climb, whatever bridges you have to cross, whatever enemies are lying in wait for you, whatever crises are to be met, you can be no better equipped for them than by living this day soundly, cheerfully, and free from fear.

Apprehensions, premonitions, worries, these are the poison gases of our foe, the Future.

If you are to die tomorrow, the best way to be ready is to discharge faithfully Today's duties, and to enjoy heartily Today's simple pleasures.

Today is yours. God has given it to you. All your Yesterdays He has taken back. All your Tomorrows are still in His hands.

Today is yours. Take its pleasures and be glad. Take its pains and play the man.

Today is yours, just a little strip of light between two darknesses, just a bit of life between two sleep-deaths.

Today is yours. Use it so that at its close you can say:

"I have lived, and loved, Today!"

THE FOUR REAL MEDICINES

The disease of civilization is the House.

Putting the American Indians, for instance, in houses instead of tents killed them off faster than the bullets of the white man.

Looking over the list of marvelous inventions in this ingenious era, such as telephones, talking-machines, typewriters, sewing-machines, printing-presses, vacuum cleaners, and coffee-percolators, you may note that most of them are for use by house-habitants. They increase the efficiency, comfort, and bacilli in stuffy rooms and steam-heated offices.

The distinguished exception is the automobile. It is an outdoor device. It implies fresh air. It connotes ozone. It means sun, wind, and red blood.

It is hard to overvalue fresh air. Its effects are far-reaching, ramifying in sanity and vigor to the most unsuspected cells of human activity. It permeates even to religion; for doubtless what was the matter with many of the cruel creeds and fierce fanaticisms of a former day was that they were

concocted in close rooms; bad air in the council chambers effloresced in *autos da fé* in the cathedral square. People that ride in automobiles could not thumbscrew heretics.

There are but four real medicines in the bag of old Dr. Vis Medicatrix Naturæ: they are Air, Sun, Water, and Simple Diet. Half of them are automobilistic.

The beauty of motoring is that it gets you somewhere. Time was when it took you all day to go out to Uncle Eben's farm, twenty miles away; now you whisk out there in an hour.

When father had a surrey and a claybank mare the best we could do for a ride was to poke about the city. Over seven miles an hour wore out the whip. Now the family and some of the neighbors pile themselves into your car and you are among the woods and hills in a few minutes. The horse is a noble animal, but the bucket of gasoline under the buggy seat has relegated him to the circus and the park bridle-path. As a pleasure locomotor he is out of date.

No time is the motor more appreciated than in the Spring. Nature is beginning her shy advances. Her violets and Spring beauties and crocuses call city souls with an irresistible love-making. The woods are greening, strange new birds are whistling, the grass is growing, fuzzy catkins are nodding, buds are swelling, the vast, strong, sweet creative sap of Nature is mounting, and we are

homesick for sun-swept spaces. We loathe the stove, the walls, and the bookcases. Our souls are hot with the passion for meadows, the wide sky, and the winding road.

More than any other invention the automobile has brought the enamored townsman to his sweetheart Spring.

A deal has been said of the commercial uses of the gas-driven vehicle. It carries freight, supplants the grocer-wagon, delivers dry-goods, and cheats the railways out of a lot of suburban merchandise traffic. But its ministry to the human spirit is fully as considerable.

The best dividends the automobile pays are those of health and happiness. It is making a redder-blooded, brighter-eyed, more vigorous-bodied generation of boys and girls. Even the old folks, and a good portion of the invalids and shut-ins, are able to get out for a daily bit of air and sunshine, when they can speed along in the cat-footed motor instead of bumping slowly down the road in the carriage.

The trend of these times is back to the country. But few of us can own country homes in addition to our town dwellings. We can, however, by means of the motor, get away on pleasant days to forest and stream. And we don't have to own the pastures and flocks, the long vistas of appealing landscape, the wild flowers, the cathedral naves of arching trees over the road, and all the inspir-

ing beauty of the countryside; we can get the usufruct of beauty out of it without having any other deed to it than the right and title of appreciation.

The progress of the human race can best be marked perhaps by the character of its amusements. We are moulded by our play more than by our work. It is play that captures the imagination, and the imagination is the determining factor in development. We follow our dreams.

People who take their recreation out of doors are drawn away from those forms of amusement which imply stuffy parlors, smoke-dimmed club-rooms, and badly aired meeting-places. The trolley has done much to loosen the tangled knot of cities; the motor-car will do more.

The standardization of parts is bringing the price of automobiles within the reach of an increasing number of persons of moderate means. And the more the congested towns empty their blood into the arteries of country lanes, the better will that blood return to them, aerated, purified, enriched by God's great sanitarium—Outdoors.

SUCCESS

The first thing to realize is that Success is positive, not negative. It consists in doing, not in not doing; in creating, not in preserving; in attack, not defence.

In the battle of life, as in any other kind of a fight, the main thing is to hit *first* and hit *hard*. Success is a resultant of *force,* not of *protection*. They are two kinds of forces, inner and outer. The inner forces are of the *body,* of the *mind,* and of the *feelings*. The body forces are included in the term *health*.

Health is primarily not an affair of care, cleanliness, and abstentions. These things are of importance. But vastly more important is your vitality, steam, go, push, and, in general, your *energy of self-expression*. Look to your *overcoming power,* not your endurance capacity. "To him that overcometh will I give the crown."

For instance, microbes swarm everywhere. Everybody's mouth and nasal passages have many of them, germs of typhoid, pneumonia, grippe, tuberculosis. The healthy body is the one that *resists* them, throws them off, destroys and eliminates them.

It is not antiseptic soap and carbolic acid that measure our health efficiency, but the vigor of the fighting phagocytes of the blood. So in the *mind* it is the power to give forth energetic thoughts of right, good, self-assertion, vitality, and accomplishment, that counts more than your power to withstand temptation.

The brain constantly occupied with the forth-putting of strong, formative plans has no room for the sickly and debilitating struggles against weakness and sin.

The *feelings,* also, which are positive and creative should be encouraged, as opposed to those which are merely resistive.

The strongest positivity of the soul is *love.* The more you can love, the more you mean to the world. Fill your life with love. Feed on it daily. Live in its atmosphere. It is the ozone of supermen.

Love of woman characterizes forceful men. Love of children, of friends, of comrades, means you are vibrating with creative electric units. Add to these, love of your work, which is enthusiasm; love of *play,* which rejuvenates potentiality; love of the *beautiful,* which opens you up to Nature's in-streaming forces; and love of the *good* and *just* and *right,* which attaches you to the Infinite, and makes "the stars in their courses" fight for you.

All this does not imply that you are to be careless, unclean, and undisciplined.

You must observe your proper prohibitions. You must resist and sacrifice to a degree. But the point is that to address one's self mainly to *not-doing* is the program of the *weak*. The *successful* are too busy doing to waste time wrestling with temptations.

Rules of diet, medicines, and hygienic cautions are for the folks who loaf around sanitariums. Woodsmen, trappers, hard-muscled blacksmiths, and horny-fisted workmen don't need them.

Virtue is a positive emanation. It is the supreme expression of a properly adjusted soul. It is not a celibate, washed-out, negative, aseptic hothouse affair.

Do! Think! Love! Create! Go! Fight! That way Success lies.

To overcome pain, be hard! Don't be afraid of *danger:* it's the strong man's friend. Don't dabble with medicine-bottles: go to work. Don't read "the unoxidized philosophers": read books that give you courage. And don't enervate yourself with morbid religions. Touch no religion that does not make hope, dispel fears, inspire love, and arouse you to service. So much for the forces inside you. Your Success, however, depends quite as much upon forces *outside* you.

You are living in a world vibrant with superhuman energies. There is Gravitation—you can't fight against that, and the Atomic Energies, and

Electricity, Heat, Cold, Wind, Steam, and the like.

Besides these potencies of matter, there are such forces as Public Opinion, Other Men, Prejudices, Ignorance, Organization, Institutions, and so on.

You can not beat these down with your puny might. You must learn to make them help you, not to crush you. And the word here is *adjustment.*

The sailor can not control the wind, but he can set his sails and make the adverse breezes aid him. The engineer knows how to *adjust* the giant strength of steam to obey his hand. Study, therefore, the vast forces that sway men's minds. Find out how to utilize them.

Man is supreme over a horse because he knows enough to put a bit in the horse's mouth and the horse doesn't know enough to spit it out.

A man becomes successful not by his inner force alone, but by his skill in using, co-operating with, and adjusting himself to Nature, Mankind, and the Infinite.

As to yourself then—Be Bold! As to God and His World—Be Teachable! And Success is yours.

THE CHRISTMAS CROWN

You that are unbeautiful, yet rejoice in another's beauty;

You that are ignorant, yet pleased to mingle with the wise, admiring them frankly;

You that are lame, yet love to look upon the shapely limbs of the strong;

You that are old, yet are made happy by the presence of youth;

You that have failed, yet cheer them that succeed;

You that are sickly in body, yet like to see around you the well and vigorous;

You that drew a blank in the lottery, yet laugh, from the heart out, at the luck of the one who drew the prize;

You that pick scraps from the gutter, yet enjoy looking through the Christmas window at the turtled feast;

You that are unrecognized, unhonored, and yet applaud the famous;

You that sweat and labor, yet smile to see the luxury of the idle;

You that are sinful, yet are touched with the beauty and peace of the good;

You that are soiled, yet love the pure;

You that are awkward, yet sincerely have pleasure in the deft;

You that are commonplace, yet adore genius;

You that are poor, yet have no envy toward the rich;

You that, penniless and obscure, can walk through the terraced gardens of the prince, look at the palace-yacht of the millionaire, note the blazing diamonds on the duchess's neck, listen to the master music you can appreciate but could never have composed, stand on the sidewalk among the crowd and without a twinge of bitterness see the conquering hero go by;

You that have no lover, and can feel genuine pleasure to see the love-light glow in human eyes, between two others;

You childless that take comfort in the house where there are many children;

And you—Oh, not you who stand crowned triumphant on the battlements of heaven—but you who were lost and sent away forever to the abodes of darkness, and yet who have that divinely human something within your sinful hearts that can unfeignedly share the bliss of the shining ones you see afar off;

To you I give the Christmas Crown;

To you I give the sweet prize, the white stone,

with a name written thereon that no man can read save him that hath it and him that gave;

For yours is the unseen grandeur; yours is that which is better than success;

You that are clean of envy, to whom another's prize brings no thorn of hate;

You that can sympathize with joy; which is rarer than to sympathize with sorrow;

For your cleanness from envy is better than virtue;

Your power to enter into another's reward, that can never be your own, is stronger than strength, more beautiful than beauty, more victorious than victory;

And if so be the Master, by the fearful laws of heaven, may not approve you openly, yet will he come to you in secret, by night, and kiss you;

Yours is the Secret Prize! Yours is the Christmas Crown! Yours the trembling Morning Star!

A FRIEND TO MYSELF

"You ask what I have gained," wrote Seneca to his friend. "I have become a friend to myself. Such a man, to be sure, is the friend of all men."

Let me prescribe this thought to you as a spiritual pill. Take it three or four times a day. Say over to yourself that phrase, "A Friend to Myself," until its meaning, its connotations, its overtones, echoes, and implications saturate you. It will pick you up wonderfully.

Respect yourself. Self-respect is consistent with genuine humility. Egotism goes with self-contempt.

Yourself is the one person you can not escape from; hence be on good terms with yourself. It's as hard to live with a nagging self as with a nagging wife.

To underestimate yourself is as bad as to overestimate yourself.

Avoid speaking of yourself in a disparaging way. To fall into the habit of saying, "I'm no good," "I know I am awkward," "I do nothing

well," and the like, brings on a sort of spiritual auto-intoxication. And it is as disagreeable to your friends as boasting.

To love others as yourself is of not much value unless you love yourself intelligently.

Do not accuse and condemn yourself hastily, even as you should not be ever excusing and justifying yourself. Judge yourself as fairly and as charitably as you judge others.

Do not torture yourself for mistakes you have made. Forget them. Look forward, not back.

If you have any workable idea of God, use it to clean yourself, your conscience, every day, by unreserved confession. The spirit bath is as necessary to health as the body bath.

Speak cheerfully and encouragingly to yourself. No one can endure an atmosphere of continual criticism; and to be ever finding fault with yourself will loosen your courage and keep your nerves in a jangle.

Cultivate the acquaintance of yourself. Learn to be often alone. Be not afraid of solitude. Converse freely with yourself. Appreciate your own inspirations.

Treat your own opinions with respect. Follow your own convictions. Trust your own conclusions. Heed your own inclinations.

Everyone knows his own faults, sins, and limitations; but not everyone knows his ability to withstand his evil inner impulses. Each of us has a

sovereign Will. No one, not even ourself, can make us do what we do not will to do. Rejoice in this. Praise, magnify, and esteem your Will.

No one sinks to a low level except he loses heart; that is, except he gets into the way of despising himself. All degenerates, perverts, and down-and-outers are full of bitterness and self-hate. Do not slump into that state.

There is no joy of life for a normal person except in efficiency, and there is no efficiency without self-confidence.

Any sort of belief that leads you to trample on yourself, to be always debasing and accusing yourself, is morbid. It will grow on you, like picking a sore. Better be a cheerful unbeliever than have a sour creed.

Obstinacy, self-sufficiency, pride, self-indulgence, and silly egotism are bad. So are the opposites, indecisions, self-doubt, self-torture, and self-contempt. Keep in the middle of the road.

Be a friend to yourself.

WHERE TO FIND YOURSELF

In the Dark is the only place you can see yourself. In the Silence is the only place you can hear yourself.

In Solitude is your deepest, your most revealing companionship.

"The world is too much with us." We are confused, hustled.

In the press of opinions we don't know what to think. When crises come for action we don't know what to do.

It is pathetic, how we grope and stumble.

We sail to no port, but are blown about this way and that by the winds of indecision.

At last we die, defeated. We have completed nothing, only quit with everything unfinished. We have solved nothing, and go forth with the great riddle still unguessed.

Is there no help? No certainty? No poise and serenity?

Yes. But not where you are looking for it.

For it is within you.

Do this. Get by yourself thirty minutes every

day. As far as possible, shut out all noise. Take no friend with you, no book or paper. Relax. Be utterly alone with your thoughts.

At first you will be bored. You will want something to Do, something to Read, somebody to Talk with. And you will realize how every waking moment of your day your mind is dinned with impressions, how you live in a perpetual clatter. You are a noise-drunkard.

Then you will be frightened. Revelations of your own weakness, instances of your own folly, will come to you. Perhaps ugly things, vile suggestions will appear. Chasms will open in your soul and you will be amazed at what lava fires of evil are in your depths.

The first few days of your experiment will seem foolish. You will get nowhere. Your bewilderment will only increase. Perhaps you will be discouraged and become morbid, restless, alarmed at yourself.

But go on.

Once or twice or a dozen times is not enough. You must acquire that habit of Silence, the practice of Self.

Then, by and by, the light will begin to break. You will begin to taste the sweetest of all kinds of knowledge, for you will begin to know Yourself.

The divine truth and wisdom of the old Greeks, who carved on their temple the words, *Gnothe*

Seauton—"Know Thyself"—will dimly appear.

You will understand Humility. Your little vanities and self-delusions will fall from you. You will realize your ignorance, your littleness. Then you will be prepared to learn. For pride is unteachable. Only the humble can see the truth.

You will get Poise. Your feet, so long stumbling among the shifting sands, will feel the firm rock. When you go out into the world it will be as a giant refreshed, as a knight armed and confident.

You will learn to Think Things Through. New Ideas will be adjusted to the old.

You will make a Program. Your life will find the ease and efficiency of System. You will no longer be hurried and battered through the day, and come to your bed at night with a sense of defeat.

You will come at last to take all the questions that perplex you into this Silent Hour. There you may not Solve them, but you will become Familiar with them.

Here you will find God. For God hides in the bottom of the funnel of Silence. He is not in the Wind, nor in the Fire, nor in the Earthquake; He is not in the Shouting and the Tumult; His is the Still, Small Voice.

The best and wisest of all ages have learned Solitude.

"Enter into your closet, and shut the door."

For there you will find and come to know the greatest Stranger—Yourself.

There you will find your most dangerous Enemy, and learn to master him—Yourself.

There you will find your safest Adviser, your truest Friend, your wisest Teacher—Yourself.

There you will find The Undying Fire, the altar where God is, the source whence come all Goodness and Strength—Yourself.

And there you will clean yourself both of Pride and of Self-Contempt.

For the Holy of Holies is—Yourself.

PRAYER OF THE MOTHER AFTER THE CHILDREN HAVE GONE TO BED

They are asleep, O God, and I am tired, and I want the hush of a half-hour with Thee. I want to bathe my soul in the Infinite, as workers, covered with dust and sweat, plunge into the sea.

Let my hot heart feel Thy cool vastness, my muddy mind lose itself in Thy crystal wisdom, my bruised love be healed in the waters of Thy love, so sure, so calm and deep.

God, I could not bear to be a mother another day if I thought I should be called to account for all my mistakes. I would never seek Thee unless I thought Thou wert as forbearing and love-blind as I; but because my own children never come to me without my heart leaping to meet them, so I learn to be very bold toward my Father which is in Heaven.

I am all faults. My very love trips up my wisdom, and my care breeds worry, and my sense of expediency makes me disloyal to the truth. One has to be very great and good to be a mother. No one short of God Himself could be equal to it.

But I love them, God; and in love I climb beside Thy seat.

Teach me Thine own wondrous skill and indirection, so that I also may learn to wait, and to suffer, and, by long wisdom, to circumvent.

I know it is of no avail to tell them anything. I know their little eyes are sharp, and see my soul, and that they copy me. Therefore make me good, good in my deepest purpose, good in my very desires.

Make me all I want them to be, strong and true and great-hearted.

Save me from the irritation of little things. Give me the long vision, the sense of perspective, so that I may judge between essentials and non-essentials.

Let me be a real mother to my children, mending their souls and fancies and helping weave their dreams, as well as attending to their bodies.

Help me to learn wisdom from their dear humanities, and the secret of trust in Thee from their trust in me.

And keep them from harm, and let them grow up sound and unspoiled.

And make them always love me.

Amen.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER FOR A MOTHER

This is the prayer of a mother to the God that made her:

Doubtless, O God, Thou art very great, mighty are Thy suns and moons, majestic is Thy mind of destiny, steel and terrible are Thy laws and judgments; yet in Thy heart has been the thought to create children and to give them to mothers to bear and to love; and this thought is that door at which I and all mothers stand and knock unafraid.

God, Thou art the east and west, from whence blow the influences that move the hearts of men.

Christmas, the breath of God, is abroad in the world. "Peace on earth and good-will toward men": That is the breath of God.

I thank Thee for this wind, soft as spring, sweet as Paradise, that stirs the leaves of all spirits.

Amen.

Today the story of the birth of Christ is running through my mind as a river of the water of life, whereat my thoughts drink, as angels.

I am glad that a woman bore Him and gave her breast to the Teacher of the world.

I am glad I, too, am a mother, and that ever a waking soul looked up into my eyes as I look up to heaven, for I am but a baby in thine arms, Almighty Father, and I gaze at Thee wondering—at Thee unknown, yet infinitely kind. This my child has taught me.

I thank thee for those three wise men who worshipped at the manger, and for all the wisdom and strength that have bowed in service and loyalty before mother and child.

I thank thee for every Madonna, printed, painted, carved, or dreamed, where the world's Saviour is a child in a woman's arms.

I am glad I am a woman with the heart of a woman.

Amen.

I thank thee that on this one golden day the shadow of the Child of Heaven and Earth lies upon every family; a shadow which is light, a light which is love.

Forgive my greatest sin, the sin of not loving enough.

Forgive my worst unfaith, the fear of faith.

Forgive my wickedest doubt, the doubt that love is not almighty.

Forgive my deepest ignorance, the folly that love is not always wisest.

Thou who art all love, forgive whatever has been and is in me that is not love.

And if the judgment be upon Thy shoulders, O Christ, then when my sins shall rise before Thee, whether they be the weakness of flesh or the pride of a wayward will, remember that I am a sister of Mary and be very merciful.

Amen.

And when I come to die take me, O Guide of passing souls, I care not to what star, if only it be where the souls of little children go and where this blessed breath of Christmas is ever in the air.

Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE BEREFT WOMAN

O God, my heart is dead. My fire is gone out. My hearthstone is cold. I long for death, for when love is slain only death is sweet. Why could I not have been gathered with my beloved, we two together upon the twin breasts of death?

Listen, O Thou who ordainest, until I complain against Thee. I throw my little bruised heart at Thy throne. See what Thy destiny has done to me!

Remember, age-old and world-wise God, that I was born but yesterday, and tomorrow will be gone and I am Thy poor, silly child. Bear with me in infinite patience.

I come to Thee not in smooth hypocrisy, nor in praise and love I do not feel, but in bitterness. The cup I drink before Thee is gall.

I am so wrecked and wretched. I am miserable past tears. Only salt and ashes are in my soul.

Father, for so let me call Thee, as I creep to Thy feet, Father—I have lost my dream.

I ask Thee for nothing. For I want nothing except that my dead be given back to me. I want

no comfort but that which is gone forever, no happiness but my lost happiness. Oh, stop, stop the world, that still goes on so cruelly happy, or wrap me in darkness eternal.

Yet, O Infinite One, even as I pour my bitterness into Thee it is sweetened. I feel a strange calm, to touch Thy almightiness.

It is as if I climbed a mountain and human affairs seemed pigmy; as if I climbed the heavens, from whence this dull earthly ball seemed a shining star.

God, what is it in the thought of Thee that cools my fever? I feel the ocean of Thy wisdom flow around the tangled island of my despair, " 'round my restlessness Thy rest."

I am already steadied a little by a sense of majesty. When I reach out my hand to Thee I feel what is deeper than happiness—I feel greatness.

Guide me, God of woman souls, as a North Star. Raise me to the level of the Blessed Dead, that I may be quiet as they, and have vision, and walk unstumbling the heights of hope.

See, dear God, I am still. I take this Book, saturated with a million sorrows, charged with a million prayers, of all the broken-hearted of a thousand years, and I lay my ear to it, as a child lays his ear to a sea-shell, and hear the resurrection murmur, dim, sweet, distant; and it is as if a voice like the sea's voice speaks and says:

"I am the resurrection and the life." Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE BRIDE

O God, I have come apart from the confusion. I want to still my soul awhile. I want to feel the eternal and the fixed and the everlasting in this time. God, make me a good wife. Make me a truth-seeing wife.

I have heard of many shipwrecks; let our marriage sail safe. I have heard that two grow sometimes bitter and apart; let us never be separated in soul one from the other. I have heard that things small and great come between husband and wife; let us stand side by side till death do us part. I have heard that Love grows cold; O let the fire on our hearts' hearthstone never die.

God, make me a good woman, so that my husband shall always keep that reverence for me he now has.

Make me a wise woman, that I may never sacrifice our mutual love upon the altar of any selfishness or opinion of mine. Make me wise to weigh values, and never slay the great things of life and love for the sake of any littleness.

O God, keep us together. That most of all.

Let me never lose his love. Let my own heart never grow cold.

Keep my husband. Let him succeed in the things worth while. Give him courage. Never let that which in him now charms me fall from him. I want to love him always. Make him lovable.

God, keep me just human and companionable. Let my beloved find in me a friendship as well as love.

We shall have storms; let true love and wisdom carry us safely through. We shall have misunderstandings; let love so deep beneath them make them but surface ripples.

No matter what may happen, O God, so dispose events that we may always be each the refuge and stay of the other.

And if so be it that we live to old age let love still abide.

I have chosen this man, O God. Make me faithful, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, so long as we both shall live.

Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE TEMPTED WOMAN

O God, I am coming into Thy presence, here alone, on my knees, beside my resting bed. Dost Thou know? Dost Thou care?

I have been led up to the top of a high mountain, and all the kingdoms of pleasure have been shown to me, if I would.

And, O God, I want to do wrong. It seems so easy. All my being craves the immediate light and joy of it. Hear the truth, God. I want to do wrong. I have not yet. Something, self-reverence, keeps me back. But to remain true and good seems so dark, stretching out into dull days forever and ever.

But, God, I am not going to do wrong. The ways are smoothed for me to slip into evil. Within and without my heart everything pushes me down. But I shall not go their way. Something in me protests. I shall not let the God go out in my soul.

So here I am. I seek Thee. I reach out my hand to hold Thy hand. I cry to Thee, and "with no language but a cry," for I know not what to

say. Only help me. I shall stay here on my knees until wrong loses its lure, until goodness shines before my eyes.

God, Father of me and of all the world, Thou art so old and good and strong. I am Thy little girl. I have been too close to the fire and I am afraid. Oh, hold me. Take these, my stretched-out hands.

Father, bring me to right desires. Kill in me the untoward longing. Clean out my heart. Let Thy Spirit blow into me as sweet, fresh air, driving away all the unwholesome perfumes of spoiled thoughts. Cleanse my imaginations. Strengthen the pillars of my temple.

Save me, and make me glad and content to be brave and true and good.

Amen.

A FAMILY PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING

O God, we thank Thee for Christmas and what it means—peace on earth and good-will toward men.

We thank Thee that at this one blessed time of the year our judgments are gentler, our good impulses are freer, and our will to make other people happy is stronger.

It is as if the whole world were a child again in the arms of God.

Whatever may lie in our power to do, to make children glad today, let us be led to do it. Since it is so cheap to make a little child happy let us not this day neglect it.

May all the bitterness and whatever is mean and unkind have no place among us.

Let none be envious of another; save us from this lowest of all unworthy feelings.

Let the harsh word be estopped and the sharp saying that might give pain die upon the lip unsaid.

Whatever food we have may we eat it with heartiness and good-cheer, nor spoil it by any wish that it were more or richer.

Open our eyes today to find our fellow-beings who may be in need. Let us remember the poor, even as we would have God not forget us.

Let this day be a truce of God wherein all quarrels may be adjourned, all grudges forgotten; and, if there be any angers or other evil heats in us toward any human being, let them today be quenched in love.

Make this a day that we shall remember with a smile in days to come, because it was so full of heart's sunshine and because hands were joined in sincerity and honest affection.

Today make us tolerant toward different opinions, patient with the romping and clamor of the young, forbearing with the weariness of the old and reverent toward all love and worship.

May the sun which rises this Christmas Day upon the glee of childhood set upon the contentment of the whole family, so that we may come to our beds at night full of happy tiredness, with no regrets nor petulance, and sleep as the beloved of the Lord sleep.

Then upon waking may we take up another year with the fragrance of Christmas lingering in our thoughts; and so may every Christmas raise us up nearer to the poise and peace of them that are good and great.

Amen.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER FOR THE CHILD TO COME

O God, I am going down to find a little soul, a thing that shall be mine as no other thing in all the world has been mine.

Keep me for my child's life. Bring me through my hour strong and well for the sake of my baby.

Prepare me for real motherhood. Preserve my mind from doubts and worries and all fearsome misgivings, that I may not stain my thoughts with cowardice, for my child's sake.

Drive all angers and impurities, all low and unworthy feelings, from me, that the little mind that is forming may become a brave, clean wrestler in this world of dangers.

And, God, when the child lies in my arms, and draws his life from me, and when his eyes look up to mine to learn what this new world is like, I pledge Thee the child shall find reverence in me and no fear, truth and no shame, love strong as life and death, and no hates nor petulancies.

God, make my baby love me. I ask no endowments nor excellencies for my child, but only that the place of motherhood once given me it may

never be taken from me. As long as the soul lives that I shall bring forth let there be in it one secret shrine that shall always be mother's.

Give the child a right and clear mind, and a warm, free soul.

And I promise Thee that I shall study the child, and seek to find what gifts and graces Thou hast implanted, and to develop them. I shall respect the child's personality.

I am but Thy little one, O Father. I fold my hands and put them between Thy hands, and say give me a normal baby, and make me a normal mother.

Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE LONELY WOMAN IN THE CITY

All day, O God, I have looked at the multitude, and no eye met mine in understanding, no life touched mine in help, no hand clasped mine in fellowship.

In a thousand companions I have found no companionship. A myriad of hearts go by, but none stop to beat in time with my heart. I am hungry for friendship, starved for human cheer.

I come to Thee, here solitary in my little room in its pitiful stillness, and I come not with vain request for things; I do not ask Thee even for spiritual ecstasies or any goodness; I come only for comradeship, to feel that some One is living on with me, though in silence.

Water the loneliness that dries my heart. Warm my being that is chilled by isolation. Abide with me, dear God!

Could I but feel Thy presence, the loveless eyes of the many would not so oppress me.

And guide some friends to me. I know them not. Surely somewhere in the press mine own

await me, lives that are akin to mine, laughter tuned to mine, spirits fit to struggle shoulder to shoulder with me against the push of desolation.

Some people are so rich in fellowship. Their days are feasts of friends. God, I ask but the crumbs of human feeling that fall from their table.

Thou who guidest souls through the chartless sea of life, steer some woman's soul my way, bring me the cheering convoy of honest men, and let little children find me.

Keep me warm and human that they may know me when they find me. Keep me wise and prudent that no pirate in the seas of love may deceive me.

Infinite, great Spirit, reveal Thyself to me as a Friend and the Maker of friends.

Do this, O God, to keep me human.

Amen.

A PRAYER FOR THE MOTHERS OF THE WORLD

Lord God, hear our prayer for Mothers. Thou hast made the world, and in it many strange and terrible things, and many things wondrous and beautiful. But Thou hast created nothing so like Thine image as the Mother. For her love is also past understanding, her loyalty as the everlasting hills, her sympathy deep as the ocean. She is Thy true High Priestess upon earth, Thy vicegerent among men. God comfort her now. It is she who has paid the supreme price of patriotism, for the grave in Picardy is a grave in her heart. The sword that brought us Liberty pierced her through. Upon the altar of the world's redemption it is her soul that quivers in bleeding sacrifice. Her boy died for us; and she died, and lives on to die daily.

So comfort her, Father of All. Deepen and widen and fill her soul with Thine own Spirit, the Spirit of Wisdom, of divine Poise, of Vision, of the sweet Secret that lies in Sorrow.

And grant, Almighty Ruler of Events, that the

curse of war may never again visit us. Move the minds of statesmen to harmony and law, and away from distrust and enmity. Confound the selfish, vain, proud, and partisan counsels of the fearful and unbelieving, that would plunge us back again into the pit. And in Thine own way (but hasten, Lord God!) bring about the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World, that unfading dream, and hope, and strong desire of the Mothers of Men.

Amen.

A PRAYER OF OCTOBER

Lord God of the circling seasons, we lift our thought to Thee in this month of October, the Vesper of the year.

The red leaves are falling; the full nuts are dropping; the winds are harping pensive symphonies upon the bare trees; the drab sky is thoughtful; the dull sunsets merge into the night.

Into the soul of man comes Nature's subtle message of weariness, of evenings, of conclusions, of strength dropping down, of death, and of that hollow word that sounds from out the gloom of death as the cry of a night-bird—nevermore!

Oh, give us faith!

As we know that spring will come again, and fresh, green things push up through the brown mould, so may we realize that out of all fallen hopes shall rise new forces. From every sleep we wake refreshed, so from every sorrow shall be born a joy; in the womb of every disillusion is a new conviction; in the heart of grief is a wiser happiness; even death is the prelude of the resurrection.

Faith we want—faith in the cosmic laws, faith in the vast, divine processes, faith that destiny knows and will keep the dramatic norm.

Oh, lift us up! Teach us to utter that vast word, God!

God! That means the browning earth shall green again. That means that failure is the doorway to success. That means that October is but the andante in the great sonata of time, of which spring soon shall be the allegro. That means that all who fall do fall into Almighty hands, which know no waste. That means that old age is not a tragedy, but a rich sunset that foreruns the imperial stars.

October is here. Its shadows encircle us. Grant us to creep into Thy mighty heart and be comforted. As a hen gathereth her chickens, so shelter us beneath Thy wings.

All faiths came down from the mountains. Making fires to protect from cold led men to make beliefs to shelter them from pitiless nature. Worship is the secret of sorrow. Man's soul is the undying fire in a world of chill laws that know no mercy. So October is the antechamber of God. We believe in Thee, as against the inevitable wintering of all things.

We must believe in Thee. It is the profoundest affirmation of our instincts. It is the everlasting protest of our moral nature.

Above all doubts we believe in Thee. Above

all creeds, all excommunications, all decrees, all sneers, all conscious weakness, all fears that mock and curses that affright us, above all the vision of our science and all the blindness of our nescience, above all we believe in Thee.

And not to please Thee, but to save our own souls.

For it means to us that the seasons shall roll, ancient frauds shall fall, the might of injustice shall fail, wars shall cease, the world is speeding onward, upward into the light, after October there shall sometime be May, and that weeping may endure for a season but joy cometh in the morning.

Already the words whisper to us in the dying year,

"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

Amen.

A PRAYER FOR SCHOOLS

O God, Thou hast put into our hands the future of the race. We are made co-workers with Thy spirit in creating the world that is to be.

Thou has put every new generation in the lap of the old, that there may be continuity of growth.

Awaken us to our responsibility. Stir us up to our incomparable privilege. Make keen within us the conviction that we have no work more vital to do than to teach.

Reveal to us the school as the heart of the world's work.

Vast problems press upon us. The world is upturned. The masses seethe in the ferment of untried theories. Yet the way is so simple!

It lies through the child.

The road to the Golden Age runs through the schoolhouse.

There is no reform, however far-reaching, no establishment of justice, however revolutionary, that might not better be accomplished by patience through the instruction of the children, than through the schemes of politics or the violence of war.

Arms and disorder, destruction and overturning, are man's way. The school is Thy way.

Lay upon the conscience of every teacher the divinity of his employ. Give him the enthusiasm of his opportunity. Show him the beauty, the majesty, of his calling, the marvel of his art, the proper pride of his craftsmanship!

Make every parent realize that the best gift in his power for the child is the school!

Lay deep in every child's heart an unshakable ambition to learn, to know, to come to mastery.

And unfold to us increasingly what education means! Shake from us the ghost grip of the past, the narrowing hold of tradition, while we still preserve what is good.

Deepen, broaden, enlarge our conception of the school. Make us glad to spend more for it, as the best of all investments for the security of the world.

And show us that there can be no salvation for the race that does not first mean salvation for the child, by striking from his brain the chains of ignorance, from his heart the iron rim of superstition, and from his hands the curse of the unskilled!

Amen.

THE USE OF TROUBLE

Why are pain, sorrow, and sin in the world? We can answer this question just about as well now, in this twentieth century of grace, as Tubal Cain or Noah could have answered it in their days.

Archbishop Whately calls this "the problem of the ages."

But, without claiming to be able to solve the eternal riddle, we can at least see that there is one use of trouble, and that is to reveal the stuff we're made of.

Danger is a revealer. In the hour of shipwreck the man we thought a flippant idler during sunny days suddenly develops a sublime heroism that astounds us, while the big, boasting, blustering fellow is discovered to be a poltroon.

You can tell the composition of the sun by the spectrum, and by the same means determine the component parts of any metal brought to a white heat. So when a soul is white hot its real nature leaps forth.

The hospital nurse knows people as no one else can know them. When the fire of anguish seizes

the frame it is she that sees the delicate woman bear herself nobly, and the strong man cringe and cry like a baby.

A certain woman had conducted herself in such a way as to shock the community. They were discussing her with scant charity at a meeting of "ladies." Then up spoke one woman and said:

"Nothing that any of you can say can ever make me believe she is not a good, true, wonderful woman. I have been with her when the deepest trouble that can befall a woman came to her, and I know. She may smoke cigarettes and go to champagne suppers till doomsday, but she can't keep me from looking up to her as a great, superior soul. I have seen her in sorrow, and I only pray that if such sorrow ever be sent to me I may prove myself half as great and fine as she."

Most of the time our real natures are clamped down and concealed by custom and convention. But when a great emotion takes us, and prudence is burned away, the naked beauty or ugliness of us appears.

You can sit side by side with a man in church for years, or work in his company in the routine of office, and he may remain to you a bottled-up, unknown quantity. And then in one moment, when you get a glimpse of him in uncontrolled anger, or terrible peril, or stress of sharp temptation, out comes the cork and in the explosion he is revealed.

For that matter how do you know what you are yourself if you have never been hungry and cold, if you have never been penniless and jobless?

There is a club in New York called the Beach Combers, for which to qualify you must have been at some time entirely down and out. It would seem that the members of this organization must have a tie that binds much more really than is found in most clubs.

And possibly death, that king of terrors, that last stress which brings the life of man to its extremest proof, and sends him stripped and shivering into unknown adventures—possibly death comes to us all to show us our real selves, and passing through the flame of dissolution we enter upon our next career—self known at last.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

There is but one evil—coagulation.

There is but one problem—distribution.

Most diseases are due to some sort of congealing. Most cures consist in restoring the circulation.

The curse of history has been provincialism. Tribes, clans, nations, and schoolboys fight because they are not acquainted.

The gentlemen who advised the League of Nations did something toward securing the peace of the world. Steam did more.

Railroads and steamships have the best right "to be called the children of God," because they are the greatest peacemakers.

Humanity when it coagulates, spoils. It needs constant mixing.

Nothing better could befall a nation than to be emptied periodically of its population, who should go about among other nations. A certain portion of all the youth of one land ought to be sent at public expense to foreign lands for a part of their education.

Man is a circumambulatory animal. When he stands still he gets morbid.

Distribution!

If workmen could be properly distributed there would be no labor problem.

If money were properly distributed there would be no financial problem.

Famines come not from lack of food, but from inefficient distribution. There is plenty of wheat in Russia, while Russians starve.

Sooner or later Government, that is, the Whole People, must assume the responsibility of managing the railroads, postoffices, telegraphs, and telephones, either directly or indirectly, because Communication is a matter of life and death to the people.

"Civilization is of the cross-roads."

Speech saves men from madness, for thus ideas circulate.

Exercise maintains health, for thus the blood circulates.

Newspapers are better safeguards against riot and revolution than standing armies. For revolutions are never caused by the circulation of ideas, but by ideas that cannot circulate; so they fester.

Religion sours in temples; it sweetens when it runs throughout the highways and hedges.

The River of God, in the Apocalyptic vision, ran through the streets of the city, and in that city the seer saw no temple.

Hire the Bolsheviks a hall and make them talk, and give them a daily column in the newspaper. Nothing dissipates nonsense like airing it.

The only dangerous heresy is the one we prohibit.

Nothing grows by martyrdom like bunk.

Truth is not preserved by Institutions, Organizations, Armies, Laws, nor any other form of force.

What prospers Truth is Open Air.

A free field and no favor is the cry of Truth.

You do not need to defend it. Just find it, love it, believe it, and tell it, and it will defend itself and you too.

Most historic "Defenders of the Faith" have done more harm than good.

Open the ways! Remove the dams! Let Business circulate! Let competition go on! Let cooperation be unhindered! Let information circulate!

Freedom! Liberty! The Open Door! Give us these!

The reason is: Truth and Righteousness are stronger, tougher, and longer-lived than any Error or Evil. Their greatest hinderers are they that try to "protect" them.

THE SELF-RESTRAINT OF NATURE

Nature, it is said, pitilessly punishes them that break her laws.

That is very true, but it is wholly true only in the long run.

The amazing thing about Nature is the way she lets offenders go.

You cannot find any moral purpose in Nature unless you take into account the fact that she is in no hurry, and does not pay every Saturday night.

There are a few breakages of her law that seem to anger her; she strikes instantly; as for instance the insertion of strychnine into the stomach, or steel into the heart.

But generally she waits, and castigates in cold blood, possibly when we have forgotten what our offense was.

This is the truth in the saying of the Sybilline Oracle:

> "The mills of the gods grind slowly,
> Yet they grind exceedingly small."

The standing wonder of the world has been that while there are certainly moral laws, yet the wicked prosper.

We are not going to understand this until we bear in mind that a man's soul is quite as much a product of Nature as his body, and that it is in the realm of character that her retributions come for moral offenses.

The cheat and liar may prosper—often does—but it is precisely this prosperity that punishes him. Nature slowly takes from him self-respect, vision, truth, and all the finer qualities, and turns him into a loathsome thing. As the wisest man said, "The prosperity of fools shall slay them."

The sensualist may go along for years smiling at his success. He does not know that his spiritual eyes are going blind, and that the warm and sensitive angel in him is turning to stone.

Nature cares not a whit whether you and I get rich or remain poor, whether we succeed or fail in our struggle for fame. All she cares about is our quality of life.

And Nature seems indifferent as to our being good, her aim is that we be great; that is to say, that our higher capacities, those latest developed in the program of evolution, grow strong and efficient.

It is for this reason she lets men sin and prosper. Then if they turn and choose the right it strengthens their moral fibre. When one turns

only because he is hurt, there is no spiritual muscle-building in the repentance.

I remember very well the first conscious lie I ever told. I was a small child. I expected the lightning from the sky to strike me dead or the earth to open and swallow me up. Nothing happened. So I tried it again. I felt quite clever. It was late in life that I learned that that feeling of cleverness was quite the most horrible part of the results of lying.

Only by self-restraint in our Mother Nature could self-restraint, and hence worthiness of character, be formed in us. If her heavens and hells were right before us we should remain moral children. If her punishments were quick and manifest we should be slaves.

The profound truth that neither theologians nor statesmen have yet learned is that punishment does not make character.

It is only when the intelligence sees and the will enforces the moral laws that a man grows strong.

If we had sense we should see that it is those crimes in us that have never been punished that should alarm us most.

THE MAN WHO WANTS NOTHING

We are all in the struggle to get something. Did you ever think of the tremendous force a man acquires from having nothing? That is, of course, if he wants nothing.

A Morgan or a Carnegie, with the massed power of heaped-up money behind him, is to our mind about the hugest catapult of human efficiency conceivable here in America. What can such a man not do! He might make presidents, control markets, encourage the arts, build churches and schools—anything.

To the European mind the king represents the most irresistible human energy. Behind him is the power of birth, the past, the law, and the army.

But do either of these types after all equal the dynamic in a John the Baptist type of man, who has nothing but a girdle of camel's hair for raiment and locusts and wild honey for food?

Did not much of the vast influence which Jesus has exerted come from the fact that he never had money or place, and did not care for them? Thus

the unhindered spiritual electricity of him operated unhindered upon the world.

What are the powers of evil going to do with a man like Chrysostom, who replied to the threat of the emperor, that he could not take from him his goods because his treasure was in heaven, nor exile him because heaven was his fatherland?

Poverty is a curse, naturally, if you want to be rich. But if you want to do any real service in the world, to do one of the "golden deeds" that have made men supermen, riches are merely in the way.

It is the terrible man who has nothing and wants nothing that is most feared in politics.

The loftier your ambition the less stuff you need.

"Frederick the Great won Rossbach by his miraculous marching," says the historian, "on the lightest possible equipment."

When Grant started out to capture Vicksburg he took, they said, nothing with him but a gum coat and a toothpick.

The reason why young people fail and become disappointed old people is that they have given too much attention to baggage.

They are so anxious to have "means" that they never have "ends."

I really believe I have known more souls in whom the heroism was extinguished by too much possessions than by too little.

It is only small souls that poverty irritates.

One of the pioneer preachers in the West was once given a house and farm by a rich man who admired him. After a while the preacher gave it back.

"My favorite song," he said, "as I crossed the prairies, and threaded the forests, and swam the streams, has always been that good old hymn:

> "'No foot of land do I possess,
> No cottage in this wilderness.'

And you've spoilt my song. I appreciate the farm, but, if you don't mind, I'd rather keep my song."

Beware of the man who wants nothing.

WHEN TO BREAK THE RULES

Books on whist (and of the writers of them I stand more in awe than of any other giant brains) tell us that one of the most important things to learn about the rules of the game is when to break them. After leading you dazed and groping through the intricacies of leading from a sequence and signalling for trumps and all that, they conclude by saying that all said and done you will have to use your "card sense" and occasionally smash a rule.

It is very much the same in the game called Living. The rules are not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as whist, because it has been played so many more years and by so many more serious-minded people (though goodness knows there are serious-minded whist players enough!), but there is the same rub—when to overstep the laws, nobly and honestly.

The opposite of every proverb seems to be true. For instance, Pay as you go. That is all right for a banana-peddler, but J. P. Morgan could not carry on business without Credit: the poor man's danger appears to be the rich man's principle.

Always keep cool; hold your temper. But there are times when a good man ought to become indignant. Some circumstances arise when to be calm is to be a cad. Always tell the truth. Yet to be a really truthful soul you must, upon occasion, tell only a part of the truth, sometimes none of it. Who shall decide? Here is where common sense in life is like card sense in whist. After all you must fall back on general intelligence, real goodness of heart, simon-pure cleanness of mind, and, in a word, Character. Rules are only useful—plus Character.

IN WRONG

Everything depends. What's one man's meat is another man's poison—morally as well as physically. As a dose of Dr. Boneset's pink medicine will set me up and a dose of the same concoction will make you sick, so the same commandment, institution, circumstance, person, influence, opportunity, or any other cure-all in the success-maker's pack may help you, but may be the ruin of me.

Nothing will do you any good if you are "in wrong." (The slang of the streets is the flower of popular wisdom. This phrase "in wrong" is brimful of philosophy.) But if your attitude to the universe be right, thunders and alarums, mad dogs, and microbes will pass you by.

Abraham Lincoln grew up in the backwoods of Illinois, and was a fellow of Socrates. Many an endowed youth is going to the university now and getting to be a bigger fool every minute. Saints blossom in the slums, and perverts sometimes grow in monasteries. Nero had the best teachers in the world, yet learned nothing but infamy, while Francis of Assisi issued from among roisterers to

become a world-prodigy of moral beauty. With everything against him father fights his way to the top; then he wants to give his boy a better chance, so son begins at the top and with everything in his favor settles rapidly to the bottom. It all depends on two things: first, what's in you; second, your relation to the cosmic potencies. We get around so to the Scriptures: "Because thou hast made the Lord thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee; for He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Also "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH EVERYTHING

Something is wrong with everything. We live upon the planet of mistakes. Most of us are misfits. The rest are excuses. I know of no ideal condition except the condition of some one else. No human being ever had things just exactly to suit him.

The sooner we awake to this truth, and make up our minds that if ever we are to find contentment at all it will be among things as they ARE, and not among things as they Ought to be, the better it will be for us—and also for the unfortunate people who have to live with us.

Particularly, don't wait for ideal people before you seek to make friends. There are none. Even those who seem ideal are ideal only because of distance; every soul when you get near enough to it, is seen to be full of cracks and patches. Plain ordinary wrecks, as most of us are, can be loyal and tender.

"To get human beings together who ought to be together is a dream," said Sydney Smith.

"If", wrote De Tocqueville, "to console you for being born, you must meet with men whose secret motives are always actuated by fine and elevated feelings, you need not wait, you may go and drown yourself immediately. But if you would be satisfied by a few men, whose actions are in general governed by these motives, and by a large majority of men who from time to time are influenced by them, you need not make such faces at the human race."

Ideals have their place. But they should be used with care. It does not pay to drive away ordinary hearth-stone happiness with them, nor to use them to club your children, irritate your husband, discourage your wife, drive off your friends, cripple your business, destroy your leisure, take away your peace of mind and make your religion a nuisance.

THE WILL OF NATURE

One of the most important things for a man to realize is that he is a part of Nature, and that Nature has her own will and notions about him and everything and everybody else, and that Nature is going to have her way, and that if he wants to be happy he must fall in and keep step.

Each one of us is a part of a huge machine, or (a better comparison) of a vast Universe-Man.

The universe has its plans; some of them we guess, of others we know nothing. For reasons of her own, Nature keeps bringing souls into life and ushering them out, at the rate of some 50,000 an hour.

What she is driving at, in all this pouring in and out of lives through her time-mill, we have not the least idea. But any one of us ought to be able to see at least this: that whatever individual success or happiness there is for us, while we last, is found in agreeing with Nature's will, and that to disagree with her is to go down.

Perhaps this is what the apostle meant when

he said, "All things work together for good to them that love God," for God is simply a religious expression for Nature. Kingsley says: "He that breaks one physical law is guilty of all. The whole universe takes up arms against him, to avenge herself upon him, he knows not when nor where. He who obeys the law of Nature, on the other hand, is befriended alike by the sun above his head and the dust beneath his feet."

My life is but a fragment of the unified Universe-Life. Unrelated I mean nothing. Dislocated from it I mean disaster. In harmony with it I mean joy.

THE NET RESULT OF BOOKS

The value of recreation is re-creation.

The worth of any given amusement can be tested by the degree to which it fits me for resuming my work.

When you have been sitting so long that you are cramped it does you good to get up and walk around, stretch your legs and wave your arms. Then you can go back to your sedentary task refreshed.

The net result of any form of exercise is the vigor and fitness for labor it leaves in me.

Also the net result of any intellectual diversion, such as reading a novel, or attending a theatrical play, is the mood that clings to me.

I remember when I read Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" that great feelings, convictions, and ideals awakened in me that shall live as long as I live. It was a true re-creation. I have been similarly affected by Ruskin, Emerson, Carlyle, Bushnell, Chesterton, and Ibsen. I do not pretend to estimate these authors, only the deposits they leave when they pass through my mind invigorate me.

On the contrary when I read Sudermann, Balzac, Samuel Smiles, or Robert Hichens, I feel a desire to go out and rob a bank. I do not presume to criticize these writers, but simply to call attention to the fact that even strawberries are poison to some people.

Every man has to test his recreations, intellectual and otherwise, and practise those that tone him up.

THE MORAL VALUE OF THE BODY

The poor old human body has had a hard time of it. It has been idolized, served, and pampered by the sensualists. It has been mortified and abused by those who strive after spiritual perfection.

We are beginning to learn that the truth, as usual, lies between the two extremes.

One who lives for his bodily pleasures is an animal, naturally.

And yet the body has its rights. While occasionally in some extraordinary crisis it ought to be starved and mangled, yet in the long run and on the average we shall get a stronger mind and a more moral soul in a healthy, active, well-fed and fit body than in one that is anemic or undernourished.

The soundest moral life is, always on an average and with certain exceptions, that life where all the bodily cravings are normally gratified.

The man who eats three meals a day will be much more apt to have a healthy conscience than the ascetic. The conscience of any kind of a

morbid person is likely to be like a sore tooth, it always is hurting, and he has a mania for working at it.

The average married man is decenter than the average bachelor, and the average married woman is chaster than the average virgin.

Psychology is beginning to get it into our heads that true morality after all turns back to the great instincts, uproots nothing, suffocates nothing, but develops all under the mastery of reason and in subordination to the supreme love of the highest ideals.

THE IMMORALITY OF THE SUCCESS CULT

The teaching of the Samuel Smiles sort of books, that loyalty to conscience, truth, and ideals brings one riches, fame, and a high station in society, is not only false, it is deeply immoral.

The ethical values of life cannot be stated in terms of worldly success. To render the spiritual verities into equivalents of prominence, luxury, and gratified pride, is the worst form of spiritual adultery.

Commercial honesty is very different from real honesty. The former means only observing the rules of the game.

In this success-mad age of the world it is safe to say that no man can become a multi-millionaire, no man can get elected to high office, no man can gain great fame, without compromising. Utter honesty will isolate you and mark you for failure, precisely as it did Jesus.

It is a modified, three-per-cent solution of morality that pays. We can only use the "blend"; the "bottled in bond" is too strong.

Perfect truthfulness, for instance, is all well enough in an office-boy or clerk or anywhere up to a hundred dollars a month; the president and board of managers cannot afford such a luxury.

A politician who is absolutely honest could not get elected to keep the village pound.

I know this sounds like fault-finding; but it is not. It is simply a truth that the average success-inoculated man cannot possibly see. "A state of society like the present," says Colton, "obscured by selfishness, and disturbed by warfare, presents a medium almost impervious to the ray of moral truth; the muddy sediment must subside, and the tempest must cease, before the sun can illuminate the lake."

WHY I WRITE FOR WOMEN

The editor of a magazine once asked me if I ever wrote specifically for women. I told him that I never wrote specifically for anyone else. The invisible object to whom I address my remarks, the astral person who is looking over my shoulder, is always female.

A lecturer or preacher, or anyone else, who addresses the public, usually takes some one auditor in his eye, some one who, he imagines, can understand and give to his ideas that welcome which stimulates oratory. Invariably when I speak thus it is a woman I select.

I don't know that I can give any reason for this. Perhaps there is no reason. It may be mere instinct; possibly temperament; perhaps only a fancy. But it does no harm to play at inventing reasons for things we do just because we feel like it, and consequently I have imagined that this is the reason, to-wit, namely: That the mind being somehow contained in the body, as water in a quassia-cup, the qualities of body are soaked up by the mind, just as the quassia wood makes

the water bitter; and that, the most marked characteristic of the human body being the sex trait, the mind also becomes sexed, so that women's minds are as different from men's as are their bodies. My thoughts, therefore, being masculine naturally seek the feminine mind, just as positive and negative forms of electricity attract one another. I don't believe anybody but a woman can fully appreciate a man, and vice versa. No man understands a man; no woman understands a woman. The spiritual play of the sex principle is very interesting; I mean sex in ideas, in literature, music and the other arts, and in religion.

THE LYING BILLIKEN

Some one gave me a Billiken, an ugly image of "the God of things as they ought to be." At first it was amusing. Then I came to understand it; knew it to be a lying, vicious, malicious god, as all idols are, and smashed it, in the name of the great God of things as they are.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me," is the first of the commandments. Now, the real God is the God of things that are real, that actually exist; and the most pestiferous of false gods is the God of things and folks as they should be, that is, as We think they should be.

If one could just be one's self, faults and all, and not be everlastingly wearing masks, and dyeing one's moral hair, and sticking peacock feathers in one's spiritual plumage; and then if one could learn how sweet and companionable and good and helpful the plain, ordinary folks are, and that God, when He made common people, created something, after all, vastly more interesting and wonderful than these impossible fancies of our diseased minds, these children, wives, husbands

and friends that are perfect and ideally sympathetic and tirelessly noble!

Oh, to see the heart of things, and to love the hearts of real people! Zealously to cherish the sanity of existence! To discover our own folks! To find in our present, necessary toil the kernel of sweetness, the motif of song, the stimulus of Thanksgiving! To be Hans Sachs pounding shoes and making poetry! "To labor," as some one exclaims, "albeit in what a turmoil of grim stress, with the twinkle of mirth in your heart and the light of compassion in your eye!"

THERE IS NO THEORY OF LIFE

The pen is mightier than the sword, but the axe and the foot-rule are mightier still.

The final decision of all issues, social, educational, commercial, and religious, rests with the working class. Universities grind out their theories, parliaments make laws, courts hand down decisions, churches establish creeds, philosophers form their systems, and poets utter their visions, but the slow old world never knows whether they are true or false until the bricklayer and the plumber get through with them. Theories, laws, court decisions, creeds, philosophic systems, and poems must all pass in between the hammer and the anvil.

Nature is all facts. She has no laws save those she awakens in the thinker. There is no theory of Life; Life is just one thing after another, as the saying goes. The sun has no particular message save what we may draw from its habit of getting up in the morning and attending to business; also going to bed when its day's work is done.

In proportion as we translate this element of Nature into our lives, we become sane and healthy, and have inward peace. Nature's gospel is—Do! Out of Doing arises wisdom and joy.

That which saves the world is work. It is not the army nor the policeman; it is not courts and jails that prevent universal riot and rebellion and crime; it is the fact that most people have to hustle to make a living. If the entire population of the nation were suddenly endowed and had to work no more, the last house would be blown up or burned down inside of a month.

BECAUSE I AM NOT THIS, DOES NOT PROVE THAT I AM THAT

Because a man is not one thing, it does not follow that he has to be the opposite thing. If I'm not white, I do not have to be black: there is such a thing as yellow.

One gets sick and tired of the eternal Partisanship of the public. Nowhere is this carried on more viciously than about the matter of Religion. Because I have ceased to be a religious partisan, there are those who set me down at once as anti-religious. Within the church I know several of the chief priests and scribes who regard me as a Lost Brother. That is not so bad. I can stand that. But what I can not stand is the assumption, on the part of the pestiferous crew of anti-religionists, materialists, dirty free-lovers, and all those who love to roll in the mud anything that is called Holy, that I am one of them. Far from it. I never believed in religion and in the Sanctities of Life so much in my life. Jesus Christ looms in my sky bigger every day. I have left sectarianism because it is "a dome of many-colored glass," but

I have not stepped out into the Dark, not into any vile Walpurgis Night, but into "the white radiance of Eternity."

Richard Le Gallienne hits off well this miserable materialism, rampant twenty years ago, but now, thank God! disappearing: "O happy era of liberty, when the talon is free of the sheath forever, and lust may run without his muzzle; when everyone may be as indecent as his heart wishes; when no man takes off the hat to a woman or a church, but all may wear it jauntily on the side, through the length and breadth of the land, may smoke and drink immoral before the sacred passion-play of life, and expectorate with a fine carelessness, none daring to make them afraid! Such is the dream of the poor little sensual dog fighter of our days."

No, no! we move away from this toward a deeper and truer Religion, toward a deeper sense of the Sanctity of Life than the world has ever known before.

THE MAIN RESULT OF EXPERIENCE IS THE FRIENDS WE COLLECT

I have passed through some humiliating experiences. I have been betrayed, deserted, sold out, lied to, mortified, and laid low, by those who should have stood by me. The like, I suppose, has befallen most people who have lived any considerable length of time.

While passing through the dark strips of life, I was utterly unable to understand them, and was inclined to rail at destiny, and wanted often to die, for such things make one sick of life.

But I am beginning to see what it all meant. It was fate's purpose, by this process, to reveal to me my friends. Against each black episode of disappointment in my past gleams the face of a Friend, whose radiance is the more glorious for its dark background.

To find diamonds men have to shovel over heaps and heaps of mud and sand and gravel. To get gold they dig out tons of worthless rock. So out of multitudes of people, indifferent, and not a few hostile, I have excavated a dozen

Friends or so. These are my jewels. I wear them in a little sack around my soul's neck. To feel rich I have only to take them out and count them over. They are mine, the riches of life.

Why should I feel self-pity? All the Son of God could accumulate was a quite small group of Friends.

All life is a mine; we unearth and search through the mass of People, to find a few Friends.

All life is an Ocean; we fish our life long, to catch a Friend or two.

A Friend is a Pearl of Great Price; having found it, a man straightway sells all he has, to buy it, that he may wear it.

FANTASTIC FAITH

When Annie Besant was according brief audiences to the unbelieving in a pretty little hotel placed at her service by one of the elect of the Parisian "world," Emile de Saint-Auban penetrated into her sanctuary and asked her if she believed that faith was failing among men.

"There are no unbelievers," replied the prophetess. "The unbelievers of today believe a lot of things."

A very shrewd truth! Also that saying of Joseph de Maistre: "We are approaching the greatest of religious epochs."

The variety of bizarre "beliefs" is inconceivable. Cities are full of them. All around, our fevered money-making plays the most amazing spiritual freakishness. We have as many soothsayers, crystal-gazers, necromancers, philter-concocters, hoodoo artists, clairvoyants, fortune-tellers, and spook dealers in general in Boston or Chicago as they had in Tyre or Troy.

Humanity continues to believe as fiercely, unreasoningly, and pugnaciously now as in former

times, though an era of tolerance has cut our fangs.

There is no city without its variegated cults, movements, and new religions. Sometimes they are pursued in cheap boarding-houses, sometimes in hired theatres, sometimes they build expensive temples. And the newer and crazier the faith, the more militant it is.

Huysmans states that they are still celebrating the iniquities of the "black mass" in certain houses in Versailles.

There is hardly a superannuated god of Olympus or Walhalla that cannot find some worshippers, he adds, in Paris.

They recently had a congress of spiritists at Geneva, where all the sharpshooters of metaphysics gathered to compare their strange "facts," and incidentally to dine at tables that, let us hope, were not tipped by uneasy ghosts.

I know a perfectly rational man, to all appearances, who confidently believes that the world is coming to an end next year. He is disposing of his property and going to move to the mountains so as to be high and dry when the wave hits us.

It sometimes seems as if the modern "tired businessman" or "society woman" will swallow any sort of outlandish "faith," provided it is not orthodox.

It all means the irrepressible hunger of the human spirit. If it cannot find bread it will eat

shucks and boot-tops. Utter materialism is impossible. The human soul will not believe in mud.

Brahmanism and Buddhism have many followers in America. The East still fascinates.

Last summer at Stonehenge, in England, where are the Druid remains of stone temples, there was a meeting of English sun-worshippers, and girls danced in the dew and saluted the rising star of day.

There never was greater opportunity for an apostle of wholesome, intelligent human faith than now. The common people would hear him as gladly as they heard the Nazarene, though in time doubtless they would make of him, as they have made of Jesus, a strange, heathen fetish; not to be heeded in simplicity, but to be worshipped with elaborate rites on Sunday and disobeyed with a whole heart the rest of the week.

SLEEPING IN MEETING

A man in New York has been condemned by court for sleeping in church. This high-handed proceeding threatens one of our dearest rights and privileges.

Going to sleep in meeting is a custom that dates as far back as apostolic times, as we read in the book of Acts that one Eutychus was overcome with sleep during one of St. Paul's discourses, and fell out of the window, to the scandal of the brethren and the death of himself; and that the good preacher, so far from chiding the offender (which, seeing that he was dead as a hammer, would have been a work of supererogation), raised him to life by the kindly use of his spiritual powers, and afterward pleasantly broke bread with him.

It would seem that this authoritative example of so great a minister should set a mark of clemency to be observed by all subsequent holders forth, and make clear the principle that drowsiness comes not from any heresy, contumacy, lewdness, nor other of the devil his works, but from

a pardonable weakness of the flesh, of the body, that fragile vessel in which even the loftiest zeal is so unsatisfactorily enclosed.

But the matter may be pushed further, in the wise that church sleeping is not a weakness but an excellence. For it has been observed that as a rule it is the most orthodox and established souls who are overcome into nodding by the soothing sounds of the gospel. And these persons give as a reason for their doing that so great is their confidence in their priest or pastor that they sweetly pass on to slumber, having no cause to stay awake and watch the speaker lest he say something.

Little children also are peculiarly subject to the pangs of drowsihead, and the god Morpheus comes upon them as an armed man, so that they are quickly done for and curl up on mother's lap before the expounder has fairly begun; and surely of such, we are informed from the most unimpeachable source, is the kingdom of heaven.

To which two most persuasive arguments a third may be added that is not lightly to gainsay, to wit: that for those suffering from insomnia no cure seems so certain as to go to some church where the doctor of divinity is known for his poppied style and narcotic unction. And I have known several who, accursed with wakefulness, have tried all manner of sedatives, sleeping-powders, and somnific drugs, have employed masseurs and readers, have experimented now with quiet

and again with alarms, have counted sheep, and have repeated the golden texts of the highest-priced mental healers, and all to no avail; yet who have been miraculously cured and have slipped easily into hypnotic vacuity upon hearing Dr. Dry-asdust only begin to expound.

Take it by and large, the case lies strongly against the bumptious magistrate who fined the sleeper. He has wantonly departed from the best traditions and shown himself to be devoid of common humanity to boot.

Besides, I myself when young knew a good old deacon who regularly slept through the service, snored loudly, and usually lost his wig; and surely in this dull world whoso provides diversion for the young has helped along.

TO ME

Before starting out on his trip the Salesman wrote out the following "Pledge to Himself," signed it, pasted it in his pocket, and promised himself he would read it over every morning at breakfast.

I. I will respect myself. I can get away from everybody else—not myself. Since I have to live with this Me all the time, eat with him, sleep with him, and travel with him, I will try not to make him ashamed.

II. I will not be satisfied with what I am, but will keep my mind's eye on what I am to become. Hence I will put away Egotism. I will not be angry when shown my shortcomings, but will study to overcome them. I will not get puffed up, but try to build up.

III. I will watch my Thoughts, realizing that "Thoughts are Things," that they make and unmake me, that they underlie success or cause failure. Hence I will shut out all Thoughts of Failure, all Morbid Brooding, all Fear and Despondency. I will shun such things as I refuse to eat unclean food.

IV. I will be absolutely Honest, both with myself and others. I will be Honest in the Dark as well as in the Light, Alone as well as in Affairs. I will look on any money I may make by Dishonesty as Dirty Money.

V. I will take care of my Body. From it I get endurance, good spirits, pep, and vigor. I will not abuse it by excess. I will not cheat it by lack of proper rest and recreation. I will not let it grow flabby from want of exercise. I will eat and drink intelligently, not as an Indoor Sport, but to keep my Body fit.

VI. I will improve my Mind. I will do some hard Study regularly every day. I will follow some Course of Reading, and not fritter away all my mentality on trash.

VII. I will conserve my Enthusiasms. I will never give way to Complaints and Bitterness. I will avoid Pessimism and keep away from gloomy people as much as possible. I recognize Joy as an asset in Selling, for nobody wants grouchy people around. I will not Worry, nor climb any hill until I come to it.

VIII. I will conserve my Energies. I will not Argue with contentious persons. I will not fight Prejudices, but will try to circumvent them. I will not get Angry—what's the use? I am out to Sell Goods, not Feel Good. I will not carry Grudges. Life is too Short.

IX. I will Flatter, not Criticize. Agreeable-

ness is money in my pocket. And nothing is more agreeable than pleasant speech. I will say complimentary things to people to their face, and also about people behind their back, so that I may get the habit. I will save up all my Disgust, Contempt, and Profanity till I get back to the hotel.

X. I will Succeed. Nothing can stop me. I am wired to the Central Power Plant of the Universe. If one road is blocked I'll make a Detour, but I'll get there. I will put every ounce of strength into my business, spare no pains, despise no labor, fear no obstacles. I will believe that Good Luck follows the Alert and Courageous.

Signed and sealed by Me, this blank day of blank.

.....

(My best friend and only enemy.)

THE LAUGHTER OF THE GODS

It is the contrast of fact and fact that makes the gods laugh.

Some time ago Johnny Carrol, who manages the American refreshment emporium at Nice, told me of an evening he spent at one of the many luxurious restaurants there, when a certain Russian Grand Duke settled his bill for his supper and attendant wines to the tune of five hundred dollars.

Here was a man who never did anything in his life probably to help along this lame world, spending half a thousand dollars for one night's fun.

The next day I read in the Paris newspaper that M. Fabre was dying of hunger at the age of eighty-four.

And who is M. Fabre? He is, at this writing, the greatest living interpreter of insect life.

Victor Hugo called him "the insects' Homer."

Charles Darwin reckoned him among the greatest of the world's chosen men.

Frederic Mistral, the Provence poet, who won the Nobel prize, declares him to be a great poet as well as scientist.

It was Fabre's work that rendered possible Maeterlinck's "Life of a Bee," and Rostand's "Chanticler."

Old, alone, attended by a sister of charity, filling his pipe with the one finger left unparalyzed, he draws near to death, forgotten by the world, hungry.

And when the Russian "noble" finishes his five-hundred-dollar supper at Nice he will move on to Paris and thousand-dollar suppers.

SOUNDS OF A WINTER MORNING

The suggestive power of sounds has never been fitly studied. We are surrounded by a series of noises which we do not notice because they have become familiar; let one of them cease, as for instance let the clock stop ticking, and we are disturbed.

What overtones of feeling lie in the common noises of the household! Go back into your childhood and see how rich and peculiar they are.

I remember so many of the sounds; I have just been recalling them; each one has its own splash of color and heart-interest.

The crunching of snow under foot on the wooden walk, and the peculiarly velvet creak of wagon-wheels on snow in the road when it is very cold; the noise of the pump, of the hired man letting his armful of wood fall into the box, the thud of his heavy boots upon the floor (the footstep of each member of the family is as well known as his face), the rattling of the kitchen stove as he makes the fire, the slam of the outside door, the frying of meat, the purr of the tea-kettle,

the clank of knives and forks and the double-thump of plates as the servant-girl sets the table; all these I heard when I, a little boy, lay abed in the morning awake and waiting my father's call to get up.

It is years since I knew these little sound-people of the winter morning, but they still remain in the back of my brain, and always will

No other noises will ever be so real.

PROVINCIAL WORLDS

One of the most provincial ideas men have is their idea of "the world." What one means when he uses this term is usually his own little world.

The tendency of humanity is to coagulate. Each little clot imagines itself to be the universe.

I know a weazened, near-sighted man who writes for a literary periodical. Of the two billion people on the globe, possibly ten thousand are interested in the kind of things he is busied with, perhaps five hundred read what he writes; yet he is possessed of the smuggest confidence that he is steering "the world."

The woman in high society in London or Vienna supposes her circle to include all that is worth while of the human race. To drop out of her small clique would seem to her like disappearing from the solar system into the void.

This narrowness is not confined to yokels and small villages; you find the most amazing provincialism in New York. There are New Yorkers who cannot conceive how any one could want to live in Omaha.

So also nothing is more absurdly small than the horizon of the typical Londoner or Parisian.

A peculiar literary obsession seems to be that only those with an income sufficient to allow them to play golf comprise "the world." The ridiculous idea is still rife in Europe that no one except the endowed count really; while as a matter of fact all but very few of the denizens of earth have to work for a living.

As for me, I have a homesickness for humanity. I long to feel a kinship to, a sense of belonging to, every class of human beings.

DICK DEADEYE

There are some people who are perpetually grumpy, and enjoy it.

I knew a man who, when you said, "It's a fine day," retorted, "Well, why shouldn't it be?"

The genuine, Simon-pure Dick Deadeye has a keen nose for whatever is supposed to be noble, sweet or heroic, and he attacks these things with loving ferocity. Dick knows things, he has inside information about all popular idols.

If a rich man makes a donation to charity, Dick sees in the act only sly and despicable advertising. The greater the parson's reputation for sanctity, the deeper is his duplicity, Dick knows. Every senator is ipso facto a thief, every office-holder a grafter, every judge for sale, every woman has her price, and the longer a man has proved his honesty the deeper dyed is his hypocrisy.

There are Dick Deadeyes among the learned. They have sneered down all our great men, proving that Washington was a "mutton-head," Franklin a rake, Lincoln a vulgar boor, and Grant a

drunkard. They have smashed the heroes, have pooh-poohed away William Tell, Arnold Winklereid, and Regulus.

They are often amusing, as old dogs who growl continually but never bite. They seem to say: "I won't smile, I won't be happy, I won't believe anything or anybody." They are often refreshing, as a relief from too much uplift and sunshine.

HISTORY

There is a great opening for the new historian.

The story of the actual facts of the world is more interesting than any fiction.

The difficulty with histories is that they are usually written by authors without imagination. It has been assumed that all that is necessary in producing a history is patient and careful compilation. Hence the Dryasdusts have pre-empted the field.

The truth is, however, that in no department of literature are genius, poetry, fire, and creative skill called for, so much as in the matter of making the past seem alive.

The stories of Cæsar, Tamerlane, Napoleon, and Charlemagne need retelling with every age. The past ages need reinterpretation.

Lessing says that "history should not trouble with unimportant facts, should not burden the memory, but enlighten the understanding." And Goethe: "The best thing we get from history is the enthusiasm it arouses."

And then look at the wretched, stifling, pedantic contents of the history your boy or girl has to study at school!

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE

There are people who are impossible.

There are those in your line of business with whom you cannot deal at all.

There are women in your social circle to whom you simply will not talk.

There are friends who have taken up some form of religious insanity and you have to avoid them to keep from quarreling.

When you will quarrel with any one it implies a certain degree of intimacy and agreement. You would not think of arguing with the impossible person. You just go away.

One reason the world is so large, and heaven is so vast, is to enable us to escape from impossible folk.

We are always polite to impossible people. It is only among "our kind of folks" that we indulge in the luxury of being rude and natural.

Bromidions, or stupid commonplaces, we find to be of priceless value when we are compelled to talk with impossible gentry. We wouldn't for our lives say a clever or a real thing to them.

It is because there are so many of the impossible kind of people that we love the other kind so much.

HORS CONCOURS

"What," asked the young lady with me, as we walked through the Grand Palais and looked at the works of the Paris Salon, "what does H. C. mean, that I see under some pictures?"

"It means *hors concours,* not exhibited in competition, out of the running."

Some remarks come back to you, seem to stick to you, to work and ferment in your mind. This did.

That evening I thought of it after I had gone to bed.

And I laughed.

"That is what I am," I said to myself. "It would make a good epitaph on my tombstone; just my name and 'H. C.' under it. For if there is anything I loathe it is competition. And I think I hate to beat worse than I hate to be beaten. When I was made, the element of sport was left out of my clay. I like a baseball game, but I don't care a pin who wins. I like a horse-race, the motion and excitement and hurrah of it, but who gets in first means nothing to me. I like

chess, but lose interest in finishing the game. I never competed for a prize at school. I detest the whole prize system. I like to work, but the idea of doing better or worse than my neighbor is distasteful. I like money and fame and all human kickshaws, but do not like the idea of having more than another. I don't give a hang for the fight, the struggle and all that. I'd just like to work and play and have everybody happy."

THE VALUE OF CUSTOM

"Montaigne," said Pascal, "is wrong in declaring that custom ought to be followed simply because it is custom, and not because it is reasonable or just."

I remain unconvinced, and hold with Montaigne. For the value of observing any custom is the same kind of value as that of keeping in step in a company of soldiers. It avoids confusion. Its chief service is in the mutual agreement to conform in non-essentials; for only so can we have time to differ in essentials. I wear the customary hat only because I do not want to discuss hats. Most customs are about things that do not matter, such as styles in hats, for the reason that to assert our individuality in such things would be intolerable bother. There is no essential morality in conformity.

The Kaffirs have a custom called "hloripa," which forbids a woman to utter the emphatic syllable of her husband's name. Dudley Kidd tells of a missionary, Mrs. Green, who scandalized the native women by shamelessly speaking of a

"green" gooseberry. The same lady, says the London Chronicle, having taught her converts the Lord's Prayer, found that one woman persisted in changing the word "come," in "Thy kingdom come" into something that made nonsense. It proved that "come" was the forbidden accented syllable of her husband's name (as if, for instance, it had been "Cummings").

Which amounts to about the same as being shut out of good society because one wears no necktie.

LAUGHTER AND REFORM

Henri Bergson, in his essay on "Laughter," defines the sense of the comic, in substance, to be the instinctive protest of mankind against non-conformity. It is society's instinct of self-protection. We laugh at what is not the usual, at whatever is not life.

Certain it is that the greatest weapon against reform is ridicule.

The suffragette, the prohibitionist, the socialist, the apostle of eugenics, the advocate of international disarmament, anybody in fact who wants the world to change and do better, has no enemy so deadly as the smile.

In former times if a man refused to conform they burnt him or tortured him; nowadays they laugh at him. And who, asked Paley, can refute a sneer?

Hence it follows that the true test of a reformer is whether or not he be willing to be a fool, at least to be considered a fool.

You can think of no advance step the world has ever taken where the first apostles of it were not considered madmen.

And if you don't want to be thought absurd, if you hate to be laughed at, if above all things you prize your dignity and covet esteem, you had better belong and keep quiet. Cultivate side-whiskers and keep away from progressives.

RESIGNATION

"Entsagen musst du, musst entsagen"—"you must renounce"—is the cry of Goethe.

Resignation, the calling in and lopping off of desire, the forcing of the heart to want what it has and to cease from longing for that which it cannot have, this is the last test of all men everywhere.

The small soul goes down protesting, weeping, embittered, rebellious, giving up as a wolf at bay gives up, in hate and fury.

The large soul goes down smiling, arranging his heart to conform to his destiny, setting aside his own will and wisdom for the wisdom and will of the universe.

But they both go down.

All the world's a stage, and we have our exits and our entrances, as Shakespeare tells us, but we know little of the play. When our cue is given we are to come on and say our lines. Failing in this, we are forthwith ejected from the back door.

It is related of an English actor that for two

months he went through his part in the theatre, arriving at half-past nine and going on at his cue, and never in all that time knew the name of the play nor what it was all about.

That is a deal like this drama we call life. We know little of what it means, nothing of the spectators nor of how it will all end. We can but play our part. Then—resignation.

THE TWO HEAVENS

One of the most persistent hungers of the race has been the hunger for heaven.

The more highly developed the personality, the more removed it is from animality, and the more it is given to thought, to letters, to art or to religion, the more it rebels against the idea of dropping at last back into the dust.

Over and over again the lack of substantial proof of immortality is brought forward; mankind stubbornly insists on dreaming of life continued, and on believing its dreams and doubting its arguments.

Most all religions have fed this craving by declaring some sort of heaven wherein the soul of all men, who meet the religious requirements, are to abide.

Even where this hope has been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and philosophy or reasoning has set it aside as without enough foundation, men have still displayed a strong taste for living forever and a revolt against the idea of extinction.

The artist, the author, the statesman, the king, the millionaire seek that other heaven, the immortality of books, statues, and monuments. The pyramid and obelisk in Egypt, the mausoleum in Rome, spring from the same longing that is found in the author who hopes to erect a *monumentum aere perennius*—"a monument more lasting than brass."

THE BUTTERFLY

"If I had created man and woman," said Anatole France, "I should not have framed them on the type that was actually used, that of the higher mammifers. I should not have made men and women to resemble the great apes, as they do, but on the model of insects, which after a lifetime as caterpillars, change into butterflies, and for the brief, final term of their existence have no other thought but to love and be lovely. I should have set youth at the end of the human span. I should so arrange that, in a final metamorphosis, man and woman, unfurling glittering wings, should live awhile on dew and desire, and die in a rapturous kiss."

I second the motion.

Nothing is so amazing as the utter vacuity of youth. It is so pigeon-headed. It is wholly self-centred, egotistic, positive in its ignorance, impatient of wisdom and without the slightest conception of how to enjoy life.

On the contrary the aged know how to enjoy

themselves. But it does them no good. They cannot. With years and knowledge, with skill and virtuosity in pleasure, comes impotence, and the Fates laugh.

Nothing is so pathetic as success.

In saddened rooms today sit lonely millionaires; with cindered hearts, masters of opportunities they don't care for. Plenty of Porterhouse steaks and no teeth.

All those hard, bitter years the successful man struggled up. He fought well, he won the top. And when he arrived, his blood was thin, his legs ached, desire was gone. Physicians and nurses, not houris, surrounded him.

I recently visited a famous author. He had that reputation thousands of young writers aspire to obtain. He was broken and solitary. His wife was estranged. His children had grown away. He had achieved the prize, but it was a cell, not a palace in Paradise.

Did you ever think of the millions of pretty girls in the world, with their supple bodies, blooming cheeks, sparkling eyes, and hearts full of love? And have you watched them, in your mind's eye, slowly fade, dulling life's edge over the kitchen stove, wearing away life's bloom by the incessant friction of children and petty household cares, the hair streaking with gray, the face furrowing with wrinkles?

"For when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.
We behold it everywhere
On the earth and in the air,
But we sigh for it in vain."

Bear with me, while I accuse "this sorry scheme of things entire." Besides, you complain of the weather. I see you, and raise you; I complain of the universe.

I want to join some sort of a union, and strike. I feel the urge of Bolshevism. I don't rail at the capitalists. I don't want to be John D. I want to be that nine-year-old boy out there playing ball in the street and screaming with delight. It's all I can do to laugh at a good joke. He laughs at nothing at all.

I am tired of being an upright ape. I want to be a butterfly. One floated into my room just now through the open window. He had no business here. I have. That's the trouble. I want to be like him, with no business anywhere. No business but to wave my wings in the sunshine, and die beautifully, as the day dies in gorgeous twilight, as the melody dies in sweet echoes, as smiles die in tender memories.

Confound the summer-time anyhow. It gets into the blood.

MODERN IDOLATRY

The cry of the Jew and the Mohammedan, "There is but one God!" is the cornerstone of whatever abiding morality there is, ever has been, or will be in the world.

Any permanent list of commandments must begin, as Moses's list began, with a prohibition of idolatry.

Modern civilization is as full of subtle idolatries as ever was Philistia or Tyre.

We have as many false gods as Rome had when all foreign deities were welcomed to her city, and Isis, Osiris, Asteroth, and Thor vied with Jupiter and Venus in her market-place of souls.

There are no infidels nor agnostics. All who do not believe in the God of righteousness and love believe in some other god.

For your god is simply that thing, force, or person you think supreme—that which controls you and events.

There are they that worship the god Luck. At her shrine they consume their souls. Life to them

is a kind of poker game. It all depends upon the fall of the cards.

They will tell you that gambling on the rise or fall of wheat or stocks is "life." That exquisite suspense when the turn of chance may plunge them into poverty or raise them to luxury crowds years into a minute.

Your god is what can give you climax, ecstasy.

There are still among us devotees of Venus, though they may not know her name. Their highest points of joy, which color and occupy all their reveries, are crises of the flesh.

There are worshippers of Mars, who still believe that men really "live" only in battle, and a nation's life is in war or getting ready for war.

There are those whose souls bow down to the Golden Calf. Their one intoxication is making money. Having accumulated all they need they do not stop and live, but go on making more, for to them money-making is life.

Other calf-worshippers are they, rich and poor, who conceive that money can make them happy and elevate their poor souls to power and mastery.

Some there be who imagine the Almighty to be a machine, an automatic engine, soulless, dull, blind, cruel, precise. The stars are clockwork, and so are events. All human hopes and fears, loves and enthusiasms, are explainable in terms of salts, acids, and compound forces.

We have with us devil-worshippers, whose fundamental conception of whatever force it is that rules all things is that it is sinister and mocking. You have met them.

We have happiness-worshippers, among whom to feel good is to be righteous, to deny tragedy is to cure it, and to ignore poverty and crime is to remedy them.

What, then, is the true God? Taking the consensus of all times and climes, of their wisest and greatest souls, Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed, Socrates, and Cato, as well as of our own greatest Teacher, it can simply be said that whatever else God may be, He is two things:

He is righteousness (truth) and love. Whoever believes in these two things as being at the heart of the Supreme Being cannot go far astray.

And, perhaps, after all, the child's creed is the best. It is indicated in the common prayer, "Our Father."

It is stated well by Paul: "For there be lords many and gods many, but to us there is but one God, the Father."

THE WIND

The little boy sat beside his mother before the window. He was watching the storm. His mother was sewing, perhaps also thinking those sweet and secret home thoughts which women think when they sew.

The little boy was not well. He would never be well, nor would he ever grow up. There was something the matter with his spine. He would never walk.

The strong and healthy children mature and slip away from us into their own lives. They who die young are always ours.

The little boy often had strange fancies, which he loved to tell to his mother. Penned in, he still loved adventure and wild coasts, and having no ship or automobile nor aeroplane, he used his imagination, which, after all, is the most nimble and magic of all means of transportation.

"Mother Elsie," he said, and he spoke in a low, oldish voice, with an odd accuracy, "don't you hear the wind at the window? It is like a wolf. I hate wind. Listen! It grasps the frame

and shakes it. It spits rain upon the glass. It howls—scary. It says I am going to get you and tear you to pieces and eat you all up. I am afraid."

"But you must not be afraid. The window is shut and strong. The wind cannot come in here."

"Yes, but the wind can come anywhere, you know, Mother Elsie. Not the wind itself, of course, but the ghost of the wind. The wind is all full of ghosts. They cry and howl. I can see them wringing their hands. Their hair is all every-which-way. Their eyes are all bulged out. Their lips are thin and uncover their teeth. Why are they so sad and so wretched? Is it because they travel all over the earth, and see how much suffering there is, how many dead babies and lonesome people, and people that have done things they ought not?"

"It is God's wind, boy. The wind is God's broom. He sweeps all the dirt and disease-germs away with it."

"No, Mother Elsie. The wind is the enemy. It wants to break the pane and whirl in here and upset everything and smash your new vase. It is like a crazy man. It wants to jump in here and grab me and run away with me. Do you know what the wind does? It pushes down the beautiful trees in the wood. Don't you remember the big pine-tree we saw that had been blown down? And it takes the lovely ships at

sea and tears their white sails and snaps off their masts and turns them over and drowns them. Witches, you know, ride on the wind. If there were no winds, witches would have to stay at home in their caves."

"And if there were no winds, boy, there would be no rain, and so no green things; and all the world would become foul and ill-smelling, and the people would all die, as if they were in a closed room. Wind is life."

The little boy was silent awhile. Then he sighed and put out his hand, and said: "I suppose that's what is the matter. The wind is life. And life is too much for me. You know, there are many little animals that live under things, mice under houses, and lizards under stones, and birds under eaves. And there are many who go out against things, like lions and tigers and big horses. I am just a small mouse, Mother Elsie, and an eaves bird, and one of the many creatures God seems to have made merely to hunt shelter."

The mother pressed his hand.

"Why is it", presently the little boy continued, "that there are so many things, wind and things, that are so useful, and yet frighten us so? They are so terrible. Why couldn't God have just made His world and put it in a sunny nook?"

"I don't know. I don't know", said the mother.

THE GOOD IS THE ENEMY OF THE BEST

"The Good is the enemy of the Best", is a truthful proverb.

The real crime is the failure to grow better. Whoever will not go on up is thrust down. Living one's life is like riding a bicycle or an aeroplane; to stop means a bad fall.

It has been said, why educate the simple savages? They are happy as they are, and what faults they have are probably not so bad as the evils of civilization. But the question might with equal justice be turned upon ourselves; why should we learn more and have opportunities for further advancement? If we fail to improve the occasion it is as bad with us as with the savages.

Salvation, in its true sense, is not a question of Safety, but of Progress. What shall make us Safe is a purely speculative inquiry. What will make us better and wiser is a real problem. The inner purpose of both Culture and Religion is to deepen, strengthen and purify life. The object of the discipline we receive in this world is not to get our souls into some delightful Place, nor to make us Happy, but it is to make us finer,

nobler, more wonderful and great. The characteristic of wisdom is its conviction of ignorance, that it needs more wisdom; of genuine goodness, that it ought to be better; of real nobility, that it should be nobler. Life's truest symptom is the craving for more life. There is small hope for one who thinks he is good and wise and noble enough.

SIN

Sins are artificial. Sin is real.

Sins change with times, countries, forms of ecclesiastical government, degrees of intelligence. Sin is ever the same.

Sins are rebellions against outward authorities. Sin is rebellion against inward authority. Sins are offenses against somebody else. Sin is an offense against your own self-respect.

For Sin is very simple, plain, and understandable. It is one thing, not many. It is precisely the same among the ignorant and among the wise. In stupid and clever, slow and quick, superstitious and rational, Buddhist, Parsee, Mohammedan, Jew, and Christian, it is identical.

Sin is an act of the will contrary to the dictates of conscience. To sin is to Will something you feel you ought not.

Sin is not an outgrown word. It will last as long as mankind.

It will stand in human language as long as those other words to which it is related: Ought, Should, Wrong, and Conscience.

It may mean the breaking of a law issued by another person or by an institution, but that is only when you believe you Ought to obey that law.

Since the world began there has been in every human being a sense of Obligation. Inside of everyone's mind is something that condemns this action and calls it Wrong, and commends that action and calls it Right.

People are both much alike and very different. Like plants and animals, they show both unity and variety. Hence there are some acts of the Will that are almost universally felt to be Wrong. The greatest and truest list of these is found in the Ten Commandments of Moses.

But these are not Wrong because Moses and the Deity prohibited them; they were prohibited because the general conviction of mankind was that they were Wrong.

Do not imagine that Sin is something invented by the priests or artificially created by anybody's opinion; that may be true of sins, but Sin is something that pertains to all humanity. Your feeling of Oughtness is just as much a part of your spirit as your hand is a part of your body.

The man who has no such feeling is a monster, even as a man without hands is an abnormal creature.

There are two classes of human beings. One class we may call persons of Honor. These are

uncomfortable when they disobey Conscience. They are normal persons. The other class have blunted Conscience; they are the weaklings, the criminals, whether reputable (not found out), or disreputable (found out).

There are others who seem to have lost all sense of Oughtness; it has been killed by selfishness and the continuous yielding to desire. These are inhuman, and are practically intellectual wild beasts.

Conscience itself may become oversensitive, particularly when it is trained to point to sins, and not to Sin. Thus men of deranged Conscience have been morbid, cruel, persecuting, tyrannical, and narrow.

For Conscience is affected by Reason, and the Conscience of a person with no Common Sense, who abandons Reason and gives himself over to some non-intelligent belief, may become very terrible.

Think clearly, be honest with yourself, be unafraid to accept full responsibility for your own opinions and acts, and implicitly obey what Conscience you have. Only so does your Conscience grow strong, reliable, and helpful.

Only so you avoid Sin, the mildew and rot of the Soul.

As for sins, never mind them. Watch out for Sin.

Whatever lowers you in your own eyes, what-

ever makes you feel like a sneak, whatever causes you to hate yourself, whatever you would cringe to tell an honest man or a good woman, whatever alienates you from the infinite, and whatever in the light of the best you know strikes you as cowardly, that, TO YOU, is Sin.

Avoid that. Don't try to make it a rule for others. Mind your own business. And you will not flounder in the bog of casuistry.

"You have, my dear, a fatal fault. It is that of saying the wrong thing with deadly timeliness. There is but one sentiment you express well. Alas! It is anger."

That is an extract from a letter of a husband to his wife, read in a recent divorce suit.

Doubtless you know many a man against whom the same charge might be brought by his wife.

It would be a good thing if all married couples would take a few lessons in conjugal psychology, or perhaps simply in the art of maintaining happiness.

There are many who understand love but do not know how to keep happy.

The habit of saying the wrong thing; or, quite as bad, of not saying the right thing; letting the golden moment pass without the jewelled word; blasting the critical instant, when confidence bloomed, when tenderest affection unfolded, when the expanding heart looked for the culminating response, by a bitter word, an icy indifference, or the poison of sarcasm! How much more such

little things have to do with domestic tragedy than the big, serious offenses!

Today your wife, when she met you upon your return home, seemed more charming than usual. It was plain that she had been at pains with her personal appearance. Anybody else would have noticed that she had prepared especially to make a good impression. You fool! You never noticed. You let it go without a sign. You would not have done so before marriage. And you wondered what was the matter with her all the evening and set it down to feminine crankiness. She was hurt. You stabbed her with your criminal blindness.

And you, madam. You have the husband you wanted. Why have you ceased to make him seek you? Why do you bank on his loyalty and yet never exert yourself to encourage it? Are you, too, a fool, afraid of love when to lose love would break you?

The thing you ought to say is generally the flattering thing. And what you ought not to say is criticism.

Shall we lie, then? Not necessarily. There are usually two things to say upon any occasion. Select the pleasing one.

Even if you have to twist the truth a little—well, if the only time you twist it is to bring pleasure and to stir up love you are to be congratulated.

"I would much rather have an enemy who makes me a delightful compliment of which he believes not a syllable", avowed a sincere woman, "than a friend who says disagreeable things to me under pretext of doing so for my own good."

There are grades in lies. All life is illusion, say the wise men of the East. Certain it is that two people cannot endure the intimacy of married life without illusion.

Disarm the brutal commonplace! Spin rainbows in your days, and hang colored lanterns in your nights, if you do not want ruthless Disgust to trample all your roses and desecrate your dreams!

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

THE ART OF SELF-SACRIFICE

Self-sacrifice is an art. Like the other arts it has its technique.

There are those who have the gift of it, as some have the natural bent for music. These sacrifice themselves gracefully.

Most of us fear to be imposed upon. The self-sacrificer does not mind. He enjoys ministering to your comfort; if you take advantage of his disposition he seems to enjoy it still more.

All of us sacrifice ourselves a great deal; in the intercourse with our family and our friends we are compelled to; but for the most part we do it awkwardly.

The man gives up his own desired amusements for his wife's sake and his children's; but he talks about it, reminds you of it continually, and spoils it.

The woman devotes her time to her household, denies herself a hundred liberties, but grows eloquent in her self-pity; her beneficiaries secretly pray that she be less noble and more agreeable.

So a deal of so-called acts of self-sacrifice are convulsions of egotism.

If you have not the natural instinct you must all the more carefully study the technique; the secret of which is to let your left hand not know what your right hand doeth. The least self-consciousness, the least self-advertisement, the least manifestation of expecting praise, is a fly in the ointment.

There are those who yield their seat to a lady in a street car, or rise and present their chair in a drawing-room, with an air that makes you uncomfortable.

There are persons who agree to your opinion in a way that is half-insult.

To pay the bill for a party in a restaurant, and to do it in such a way as shall leave a pleasing impression upon all, requires not a little skill.

To complain that one does not appreciate what you do, to say that you are glad to sacrifice yourself if the recipients of your favor are only grateful, shows that you do not understand the first principles of the matter.

Self-sacrifice must be made in simplicity, with ease, concealing the cost. It must be with utter self-effacement.

If you cannot do that, if you must wish for a return, for gratitude, for thanks, and to have your little vanity stroked, then self-sacrifice is out of your line. Do not meddle with an art for which you have no taste nor ability.

To sacrifice your beliefs, your inborn tastes

and the essentials of your personality, even for one you love, is a mistake. If she does not love those very things about you, she does not love you at all, only her own notions.

The finest flavored self-sacrifice is a kind of self-indulgence; the pleasure you give to another appeals more to you than any pleasure you might secure for yourself.

Thus the act of sacrifice on your part pleases me most when I see that you most please yourself.

The highest type of gentleman or lady is one who is a virtuoso in self-conquest, one in whom giving pleasure to others is keener than getting pleasure for self.

Self-sacrifice is an art; but it is the most interesting and profitable of all arts, and adds most to the joy of living—when it is well done.

Often the old priest and I would walk through the woods, past the waterfall, along the vociferous brook as far as the clear spring that welled up at the foot of a huge rock. It was in Italy and far from a city.

There we would sit and hold high converse, discussing subjects over which other men quarrel, but which we turned over with cool hands of philosophy and dissected with surgical calmness.

We argued about God. How many persons do you know who can do that without heat? It is a test of a clean mind. And we talked of the universe, of the caprices of fate, of the ant and the jabberwock, and of things and strings.

A sweeter thinker with a gentler manner I never knew. He was frank, with himself as well as with me. He was utterly honest intellectually, and clung lovingly to all the traditions of the church, not because it was policy, and not because he was blindly credulous, but because to him they were a part of the world he was born to, and he loved them as much, and understood them as little, as the rest.

"Look!" he said one day. "There are grease and dye in the stream. They come from the factory up yonder. And see! They have cut down all the ancient trees on that hill to make machines. That is civilization, modernism.

"Once there was a water sprite the heathen worshipped. It lived in this brook, and fairies danced under the trees where now is a bald hillside. When I was a boy I lived near here. And my grandmother, who is with Christ now, told me of them.

"Do you know what you are doing with your progress and democracy and science and all that? You are denuding the soul of man of its sacred woods, soiling its pure springs to manufacture clothes and generate electricity.

"Let me confess, my friend, that I have at times breathed a half-prayer to the passed and ancient gods of Greece, and to the little people of paganism, to come and help us. I intend no irreverence to our blessed Lord, nor mean to put Him on a plane with fays of fountains and spirits of birches. Christ has driven them all away, I know, to unite mankind into one spiritual communion. But sometimes I would sound the fairy horn, or ring the flower bells of spring with zephyr hands, to call back the hosts of spirit-emigres to help us fight the devastation of materialism.

"Waste and lonely our roads seem. The mind of man has become an arc light, and all the person-

alities that thronged the world have been scared away. In this world of garish day my soul perishes. Fed upon exact information my spirit dies of anemia.

"I am crepuscular, I suppose. I love the half-lights, shadows in the forest, stained glass in the church window, and shy faiths in the hearts that shrink from cold logic.

"Oh! vanished troop, elves, gnomes and dryads, driven away by iron and steel intelligence, come back, and under the banner of Him who still rules the world of spirit unite to resist the grossness of our day, our carbolic civilization, our zeitgeist that multiplies luxuries for the body and destroys the riches of the soul!"

MORAL IMPROVEMENT CAN ONLY BE ELECTRICALLY INDUCED

Moral improvement is not a thing to be come at directly, and by set purpose, but can only be, so to speak, electrically induced. That is, as a magnet electrifies a piece of iron, so a moral soul puts morality into the soul it meets.

It is doubtful whether religious "workers," and all ethical teaching, have done much practical good. Goodness is spread only by good folks. It is contagious, epidemic.

Consequently the hope of bringing about any real uplift among the people by a campaign, with massed money and perfect organization, betrays an ignorance of what goodness is.

Indeed it may be questioned whether any organization or institution ever really advanced the cause of altruism.

If the millennium ever comes, it will be grown. It will not be the triumph of any machinery or advertising.

Jesus' parables indicate this. The Kingdom of Heaven is as a grain of mustard-seed, a lump of

leaven, a sower going forth to sow. He never intimated that it is like a machine.

The Kingdom of God is in no way like an army, nor a government, nor a school: its dynamic force is not numbers, money, force, prestige, brains nor any such thing; its propagating power lies in one thing and one thing only, to wit: in the power of personal influence.

THE LITTLE GRACES

The American character is deficient in the Little Graces. We do the big things splendidly. But, after all, what is it that counts—success, or the temper of success? Is it whether we succeed that really matters, or how we succeed?

It is well to see the goal and strain for it, but life must be lived meanwhile, and what about a few flowers and merry tunes by the way? "O toiling hands of mortals!" says R. L. Stevenson, "O unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

Our very zeal for efficiency has resulted in the postponement of life; and, indefinitely postponed, it may be withered when we come to pluck it. To-day is worth stopping for and looking after, it has its meed of bread and cheese and kisses, its dividends of laughter and serenity.

Must all the red passions of contentment be sacrificed to the one white passion for precedence?

Always men must watch lest they be corrupted

by their excellence. It is the characteristic impatience of Americans, their lack of leisureliness in the daily business of existence, their swift contempt of roadside beauty in their eagerness to reach the inn, it is this that destroys in us the Little Graces of Life and invests us with a certain unloveliness which visitors from older civilizations are quick to note.

On the street car, in the elevator, among the crowd in the street, you have marked the brusqueness that makes Americans a bit repellent.

Strangely enough, we seem to get away from this in a measure when we get away from the city. The motorist on the country road generously turns out for another to pass, he is quick to offer assistance in distress, and at night he dims his headlights when he sees an approaching car. We used to associate boorishness with rustics. Our word civil comes from city. Has city life ceased to polish and begun to scratch us?

Then, too, we have a good deal of the Puritan deposit in our blood, and the Puritan had a subconscious notion that there was something immoral in giving pleasure. He was strong for the uplift. He wrote it.

And the desire to improve one's neighbor easily slips into intolerance and grim hardness, if not rudeness. To quote again from Stevenson: "There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One

person I have to make good—myself. But my duty to my neighbor is to make him happy—if I may."

The first and main thing in child training is to teach the art of being agreeable, to train the youth how, by voice and manner and the entire and habitual expression of his personality, to be a source of pleasure to those about him, how to reduce to a minimum the unavoidable friction of the enforced intimacies of life.

For when our task is done and old age brings its final estimates, we shall find that what we value most, both in ourselves and others, is

> "that best portion of a good man's life,
> The little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

WE ARE THE SHEEP

It's about time the great, silent, unvocal majority had its innings.

I refer to what Mr. Meltzer calls the "Intermediary Class"—neither Capitalist nor Proletariat. They call us Bourgeois.

That means just plain, every-day United States —Folks.

We are not Socialists, because we have no cocksure scheme for running the Government nor for bringing in the Millennium in a minute.

We are not of Wall Street, nor are we Republicans or Democrats or Catholics or A. P. A.'s or Methodists or Sinn Feiners or Bolsheviks or anything but just Folks.

We don't want graft. We don't want anything we don't earn. We don't want to hold a pistol at the head of Congress and make it see things our way. We don't say we'll take our dollrags and go home unless everybody agrees with us. We are no menacing Minority.

We are the sheep everybody shears.

We are the placid Majority.

We go along, paying our taxes, getting all the money we honestly can, hiring people to labor for us when we can get anybody that will work, investing in stocks and bonds we don't know much about, paying parsons to tell us how to be decent, reading the kind of newspapers and magazines that are printed, drinking the milk and eating the bread that we find for sale, and trying to obey the laws our legislators concoct.

Isn't it about time we formed a Party, or a Union, or something?

The Railroad Men have their Union, and the Bricklayers, and the Molders, and the Waiters, and the Plumbers, and the Actors. And the Bankers have their Trusts. And then there are the embattled Office-Seekers and Grafters that organize into Political Parties.

What about Us? Us is spelt U. S.

What about Me, and John and Cousin Ed, and Aunt Mary?

I mean that vast multitude that walk when the street-car men strike, freeze when the janitors strike, pay fifty dollars for a thirty-dollar suit when the tailors strike, eat flapjacks when the bakers strike, cook our own bacon and eggs when the cooks strike, and enjoy a little peace of mind and a chance to talk when the theatre orchestra strikes.

We thought we didn't belong to any Class, but we discover that we do.

We are Bourgeois.

It is we that the rampant Bolshevik hates. It is upon us that the Greenwich Village revolutionist looks with scorn.

The Capitalist and the Aristocrat snub us.

The Laborer regards us as his enemy, also gouges us.

We give the Literary High-Brow a large pain.

When there is a strike, both sides strike Us, not each other. The Grocer cheats Us.

All who yearn to revolute and upturn find us in the road and curse us.

Also the Reactionary, seeing we are cold toward the time-honored bunk of his glorious traditions, pauses to swat us.

Poets look on us as hopeless, and Bricklayers are of the same opinion.

The trouble is, viewed from one side, that we use a toothbrush, wear a clean collar, live with our legal wife, work for a living, save up a little money, keep most of the Ten Commandments, and generally try to mind our own business. Which is just plain, disgustingly Common.

The trouble is, viewed from the other side, we don't care a hang about Sassiety and our Best People, we don't want to keep up with the Joneses, it doesn't interest us to be bowed to by Mrs. Gotrox, nor be invited to the Duchess of Dingbat's tea. When we get through our day's work, we want to go home and tend the garden, eat with

our family, play with the children, read a book, and go to bed.

We are not of any Elect.

We are not Misunderstood. On the contrary, our neighbors have us sized up about right, and we are getting about all we earn.

We don't believe the country is going to the dogs. We think the President is doing his durndest according to his lights. We believe most men are honest and want to do the square thing, and most things will get well if you don't pick 'em.

We are full of the most Bourgeois opinions. We believe Prohibition's a good thing and that we'll all be glad of it in ten years from now. We don't see why a woman shouldn't vote if she wants to. We think the men who are running the Big Business of the country, and who came to their positions by Natural Selection, are doing it better than a lot of Walking Delegates of the Plumbers' Union would do it. Also that a man is not necessarily a criminal because he's rich, nor a nobody because he's poor.

We are in the Bourgeois Class, along with Ed Howe, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Ford, J. J. Hill, Melville Stone, James Whitcomb Riley, Walt Mason, John Wanamaker, William Shakespeare, also the typewriter and telephone girl, the clerk in the shoe-store, and the milkman, the doctor, lawyer, preacher, and the ex-saloonkeeper.

We don't belong to the Vere de Veres, and a

good many of our ancestors, likely as not, were glad to book passage in the steerage. Neither do we, on the other hand, belong to the professional Proletariat; Upton Sinclair, the United States Senate, Debs, and Berger get on our nerves with their unending yaps and aches.

We are hopeless. We even go to church.

THE SILENT ARMY

It is the Women who after all shall decide the War. Back of the hosts of men in arms stand the silent women.

It is for them that men fight. Unless women's hands have buckled on the armor, the knight has no power in his arm. Unless her prayers follow him and her gentle influence rest forever upon his heart, he shall fail.

Behind the President and his Cabinet, behind the debating Senators and Congressmen, behind the huge factories, the hastening trains, the speeding ships, and all the other outward and noisy business of a nation girding itself to its high mission, is that shadowy, dumb army of women, and if their souls fail the men will be impotent to strike.

Who has told us of the mothers sending their sons to battle for human rights, with smiling lips and calm brow, while within the heart is breaking?

Of the young wife sitting desolate in the new home? Of the girl giving up with her lover all the fond dreams of happiness?

Yet the women of America are doing this. Strong and undismayed they are facing the terrible sacrifices of war, bearing the burden of fate with noble courage.

Theirs is the unfailing reservoir of patriotism. Theirs are the unshakable convictions against which the forces of cruel autocracy impinge in vain. They are the Rear Guard; while they stand firm no man can flinch.

With quiet heroism the women have responded to their country's call. It is not they who encourage slackers. It is not they who flock like hungry coyotes to Washington to see if they can not pluck some profit from their country's distress. It is not they who strike and riot and quarrel for selfish aims, while America faces her most significant crisis.

Let us realize the deep source of our patriotism, as of all other of our ideals. It is in the heart of woman. She who has kept glowing the altar-fires of our faith, she who has been the inspiration and guide of the school—she it is who now says to the man she loves: "Go! Fear not! The safest place for any man is where he is doing his duty. I would rather mourn you dead in honor, than to live with you in dishonor."

The army of women! Though it has no flags, and parades not, and lacks the theatric fire and glory that attend the mobilization of men, yet it stands firm.

Firm and Silent!

America can never be conquered so long as her women are true. She can never fail in the high enterprise in which she has embarked so long as her women, clear-eyed and strong-souled, stand fast, crowned with love, armed with loyalty and unchanging purpose.

ROOSEVELT AS A FATHER

Every man has two careers, that is, every man who has lived a well-rounded life and has assumed the full share of the responsibilities that come from human relations.

The one is his public career, or his business.

The other is his career as a father.

The business of being a father is not only the most important but the most delicate and difficult. For what kind of father you are and what kind of children you bring up goes right back to your character, while you may succeed in your affairs before the eyes of the world by assuming virtues that you do not have.

Theodore Roosevelt was one of America's greatest men. He was forceful and efficient. He made a name for himself and undoubtedly left a wholesome influence upon the nation.

But perhaps when the books of Life are all balanced he will receive greater credit for his career as a father, of which the world knows but little.

His life was above reproach. He was fond

of his family. He left them a good name, which is above all riches.

Whatever his children may become they cannot escape the influence of the strong, loving personality which gave them birth and surrounded them during their growing years with an atmosphere of wholesome Americanism and genuine devotion to the best ideals.

Real success can never be estimated in terms of money or fame. It must have been a comfort to this fallen leader in his last moments to know that he stood high in the hearts of his countrymen, but there is little doubt that a still greater comfort to him was the reflection that he had no reason to be ashamed of his children.

After all, they are his best monument.

THE NEW YEAR AND OPPORTUNITY

The New Year spells Opportunity.

That is its great, outstanding message.

Once a year the old Clock of the Universe strikes at 12 o'clock on December 31st, and as its strokes thunder around the world they say to men and women everywhere:

"Now you have a chance to try it again! Begin, begin again!" Twelve words.

Discouraged boy, tired of waiting, ready to give up, with your heart down and the devil whispering to you, "What's the use?" Listen! Don't you hear the clock? Up and at it once more! Slough off your discouragement, as a dirty coat, roll up your sleeves—the world's your hickory-nut, full of meat, and you're the boy to crack it.

Young man, wrestling with the Snake called Bad Habit, that is slowly throttling you, poisoning you, ruining your career, breaking your mother's heart, and turning gray your father's hair—listen! The twelve bells peal across the snow-fields of the earth, ring out in the mountains and echo in the valleys. They are to you, for you. Begin again!

The Almighty Father thinks of you in every stroke, every beat is a heart pulse of His meaning, and says, "Life is yours. The Future is yours! Step on your dead self and rise. All things are yours, for you are Mine."

Heartsick woman, with your lap full of shattered dreams, there's resurrection in the New Year. Out of the broken fragments of your hopes you can make something more beautiful. Heaven and earth are full of unexhausted resources. They are yours. Only be strong and of a good courage. Don't give up. No soul can be cheated of its divine inheritance.

Old man, you're never too old to come back. A man is only as old as his Will. Buck up! Don't you hear the Clock? Opportunity is ringing. There's a place for you, work for you, a meed for your purpose, a goal still for your high emprise.

No man sinks in the waters of fate but the one cramped with fear. Kick, and you'll float.

No man is discharged in the great war of life. Only deserters fight no more.

Come! The Infinite is your friend, surrounds you, presses upon you like the atmosphere, and will breathe into you tides of power, if you will but open your soul. And the opener of souls is Courage.

No insuperable calamity can befall me except I be afraid and give up.

What! Have you not lived until this day? Have not the Everlasting Arms held you up till now, even though you be spent, and hungered, torn, bloody, desperate? Still you have Life—then look up to that Concealed One who gave you your Life, and has so far upheld it, and cry, as you tighten your belt, and adjust your gas mask against the asphyxiations of despair, and grasp your good rifle—cry out to Him, who though He seem distant and unknown, is yet "nearer to you than hands and feet, and closer to you than breathing."

"So long Thy power hath held me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

THE WORST POSSIBLE BORE

Of all insufferable bores upon this earth the One I hate most is the person who does not care. The being who talks all the time the game of whist is going on, and who comes to once in a while to ask what is trumps, is a good type of this kind of pestiferous insect.

In every range of human interest the man who doesn't care is open to suspicion. Whoever would just as soon eat one thing as another gives signs of a lack of taste in higher matters, as Lamb said.

The young man who marries just to be marrying, and is not driven to the step by an irresistible mania, I cannot abide. The superior individual who belong to your church, just because one should belong to Some church, gives honest and militant believers the shivers. The man who drops in to see you, not because he hankers for your society, but because he has nothing else to do—you would much rather he had kept away.

This affectation of indifference is the nastiest characteristic of the English-speaking people. No

one moves us with such an intense conviction that he needs kicking, so much as the immobile-faced youth with a monocle, to whom all human concerns are a poor show which he seems to have seen many times before and is waiting with ill-concealed suffering until it is over.

Give me a discriminating eater, a thirsty drinker, a hard fighter, a keen player, a sound sleeper, an intense worker, a rollicking dancer, and a hot lover, every time. Lukewarm folks make you ashamed of being alive.

THE RED CROSS—THE UNITY OF HUMANITY

In all this welter and confusion, wars and rumors of war, through all the hate and slaughter and accusation and denial and misunderstanding, runs one deep, low tone of harmony.

Beneath the painful discord is one healing tone, a broad, unifying diapason.

It is the Red Cross.

Among our strident Inhumanities this is the one thing Human.

We may quarrel in traffic, strive in politics and party, envy in learning, contend over possessions, and wound and slay in angry pride, but in a gesture of Mercy we all, friend and foe, suddenly fuse and blend.

One touch of Mercy makes the whole world kin.

The Red Cross is the inarticulate protest of Humanity against the doings of Nations.

It is the assurance of the Christ that he has not wholly abandoned his world.

The Red Cross does not strive nor cry, neither shall you hear its voice in the streets.

It is that bruised reed which shall not break, and that smoking flax which shall not quench, until judgment be sent forth to victory.

It is the persistent urge of Love Almighty that no frightfulness can dismay, nor clamant fury can silence.

Pestilence, earthquake, famine, and war never unfurl their terrible banners, but the legions of the Red Cross flock to the fray, to do silent and blessed battle for the victims of man's or nature's cruelty.

Rage passes, and the contentions of men and nations die down, but Mercy is everlasting, and when the Red Sword shall be sheathed for weariness of slaughter, the Red Cross, still young and eager, shall continue its redemptive labors.

Here we are one. The Red Cross knows no nation, no race, no creed; it knows only Humanity.

In all things else is the rage of Competition; in Pity alone is the enthusiasm of Co-operation.

And when that "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," shall arrive, when some day reason shall have conquered passion, and law shall have triumphed over violence, and Democracy shall have slain the last ancient spectre of Privilege, and the rulers of nations shall have met in conclave to take council how to shepherd

their peoples and not to destroy them, then above whatever banner shall be unfurled over the assembly dome there shall fly that flag which first stood for the Unity of Humanity, the flag with the Red Cross.

WHY YOU GO TO SCHOOL

Everybody is put into this world to get from it all the happiness he can, in the worthiest sense of the term.

In order to be happy, you need to express freely your personality, to give all your faculties full scope. Happiness consists in making the most of what is in you. You go to school to learn how to do that.

I. You go to school to learn to use the past. You are not Adam. You are not the first man. There have been millions before you. The world has been a vast laboratory, where infinite experiments in happiness and achievement have been made.

The result is in Books. There is no sense in your wasting time in endless tasks which have all been done before you and the conclusions set down for your benefit.

Every bee makes the same kind of honeycomb his parents made. Every beaver builds a dam just like his great-great-grandfather. Every animal begins where his father began. Hence there

is no progress. Animal life simply goes round and round in the same circle. But a human being begins where his father left off. Each generation stands on the preceding generation's shoulders. So mankind makes progress, while brutedom stands still.

It is in school that the Past is available. Those who study it have great advantage over those who do not; even more than a millionaire's son has the advantage over a penniless boy.

For the real inheritance of the world, the real endowment of men, is the world's accumulated information. And it is free to all. Those who get it, easily outdo those who neglect it. And whoever refuses to take it is a fool.

II. You go to school to learn how to use your fellow-creatures.

You are not alone. You are a thread in the social fabric, a brick in the social wall, a link in the social chain.

What you get out of life depends quite as much on how you utilize other people as on what you do yourself. You go to school to learn organization. You become a member of a class. You become duly pigeon-holed, find out your place, become co-ordinated.

So your offensive egotisms are rubbed off. The thoughts and feelings that isolate you are cured, and you develop a group-consciousness that increases both your contentment and your efficiency.

You learn team-play. As the great fortunes are made by combinations in business, by trusts, so the heights of character are reached only by the intelligent use of our relations with our fellows. You amount to nothing until you can keep step.

Outside the school is competition. Inside is co-operation. And the prizes of life are for those who understand how to co-operate. The slaves of blind competition work for the kings of co-operation. You go to school to escape the serfdom of individualism and to learn the royal secret, the socialization of life, the kingship of co-ordination.

III. You go to school to learn about yourself.

The advantage of culture is self-revelation. The ignoramus is fettered by a hundred delusions. The ignorant mind is not a blank; it is as full as the trained mind; only its contents are all wrong, and poisonous. You go to school to get rid of a mass of misinformation.

It is a common fancy that the unlettered savage is free and that the gentleman and scholar is bound. The contrary is true. The savage is a helpless slave to superstition, frightened by the forces of nature and living only in destructive relations with his fellow-men. The scholar's is the unbound mind. The gentleman's is the free existence.

At school you find the Masters. Their realm is Books. You learn to love them, and only then do you find out what is worth loving in yourself.

You imitate them and only so do you discover your own originality.

For the true Master sets you free, makes you conscious of what is in you. A young painter, looking upon the work of a great genius, burst into tears and exclaimed: "I, too, am an artist!" In the Master he found himself. The young musician who imitates Beethoven, the young writer who patterns after Shakespeare, are much more likely to develop original genius than those who consult only their own fancies.

What the greatest of Masters said of himself is true to a degree of all Masters, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

IV. You go to school to get the one thing without which any life is loose and weak—Discipline.

Discipline means that your intelligence controls your feeling, and desire does not lead your intellect.

So you learn tastes. You learn that you can change your tastes, mould them, and make them minister to your wholesome happiness and not drag you down.

You learn to think. There is no thought that is of any value that is not disciplined. Thoughts are things; they make and unmake you. And you learn to herd them, govern them, drive them as you choose, and not helplessly follow them.

And you learn to use your Will. A tough and hard Will is the surest guarantee of a happy and

forceful career. At school there is constant appeal to your Will. You must compel yourself to do this, you must restrain yourself from doing that.

Thus you come to Self-Mastery.

That is why you go to school.

You enter the schoolhouse to find yourself.

THE UNDISCIPLINED

The unhappy are the undisciplined.

The joy of life does not come from having strong desires and sating them, for then the proud eagles turn to foul harpies, but from the clever control of desires, to keep them evergreen, that their edge be not dulled by repletion, nor their force spent in excess.

The incompetent are the undisciplined.

Any human being has natural gifts enough to succeed, if he will practise, train himself, and keep the rules of the game. Success is easier than failure, to the disciplined.

The chronic invalids are the undisciplined. To be rousted out of bed at sun-up, to have to walk a mile to breakfast, to be kept at work all day and to go to bed tired as a lumberjack at sundown, would cure nine-tenths of all the great army of complainers.

The disillusioned are the undisciplined.

Those whose light has gone out, who have given up, who have lost hope, who have no friends, and who want to go out in the garden and eat worms—they are simply the dumps and frumps of the race,

they have never taken themselves in hand. A year in the workhouse would do them good.

The unbeautiful are the undisciplined.

'Tis not the peachy cheek and lissome form delights us most and longest, young lady. The brave, faithful, and controlled soul, looking out through your eyes, this it is that is a joy forever.

The world-weary are the undisciplined.

And the sad, and bad.

And the bored.

Spunk up! Get hold of yourself. Quit whining. Find something hard to do, and do it.

Fall in line. Keep step. Left, right, left, right, don't lag, come on, till you get over that feeling that you're going to drop in your tracks, and you get your second wind, and the tides of self-confidence and reserve strength begin to course through your veins.

I saw some raw recruits last summer at one of the cantonments being put through their drill. I am not a military man, but I wished that every human being in the nation could have some such discipline, till the self-pity and the bitterness and the gloom and the mulligrubs were cleaned out.

Discipline! That's what your poet with a stomach-ache, and your idler with an excuse, and your child that's a nuisance, and your scolding parson, and your lackadaisical miss, and your trifling young man, and all the other rots and spots of humanity need.

It was unfair to discipline only those few million young men that we sent or prepared to send to the war. Won't somebody now draft the rest of us, put us through a course of sprouts, and do something to help our white livers?

For there is no joy, no triumph of life, no health, no goodness of heart nor zest of spirit, without discipline.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

Motives make acts; but it is just as true that acts make motives; only their creative efficiency is subtler.

There are two kinds of people—the strong and the weak, the capable and the incapable.

The difference between them is this only: that the strong change their motives, likes, and passions at will, through patience and practice, while the weak are impotent to resist the inward desires that produce deeds.

There is no art in the world so important as the art of killing one longing and creating another in oneself.

The secret is simple, and as old as philosophy. It is that by repeating an action one can gradually induce a desire to repeat it, and by refusing a desire one can eliminate it.

To believe that and to practise this is the key to any sort of human greatness.

Do you want courage? Act as if you were brave, though you quake with fear.

Do you want calm and poise? Imitate what

you wish, despite inward flutterings. At last the stubborn spirit falls into step with the willed performance.

Do you want will-power, concentration, optimism? Imagine how a person would act who possesses these qualities, and do as you think he would do; and under the incessant drill the wished-for impulses will grow.

Learn this law of reflex action. Character makes conduct, everybody knows. Only the spiritual aristocracy knows that conduct also makes character.

Are you habit-bound, weak-willed, unclean, despising yourself, always falling back into self-contempt when alone? All you need in order to climb out of the slime is imagination, with which to picture to yourself how your ideal self would act and will, with which to drive yourself to that line of action.

The process is slow. It is doubted by all the world's impotent ones. But it is sure. Ten ounces of action produce one ounce of desire.

This is the only known road to real success. It leads to kingship.

The riches of personality are cumulative. We must earn and save them. And the eternal law here is: "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

THE NOBLEST REVENGE

The don'test of all don'ts is: Don't get even.

The greatest of all time-wasting is time wasted on revenge.

It not only is a waste of time, but also of gray matter, nerve force, vitality, and soul juice and life reserves.

The desire for retaliation is the most dangerous lust that enslaves human beings.

When you want to hurt him who has hurt you, you want something that irritates you while you want it, disappoints you when you get it, and makes you feel mean after it's all over.

You can't get through this life without meeting people who injure you. There are those that snub you, those that betray you, those that cheat you, those that envy you, besides all the swarm of spiteful, malicious, weak, and venomous human mosquitoes, worms, and wasps.

If you stop and chase each of these to punish them you will have no time for anything else.

If you allow yourself to think of them they will

poison you until your mind is sour as buttermilk, your sleep ruined, and your hours of leisure turned from content to wretchedness.

Forget it!

It makes not so much matter whether or not you forgive an offense; the only satisfying thing is to forget it.

Go on!

There's too much to do, to stop and fight bees. Life's too rich to pauperize it by hate. Let it pass! Go on!

Doubtless your enemy needs a thrashing. But what's that to you? The question is: What do *You* need? You need peace of mind, poise, and contentment; and to keep thinking about him is to upset yourself.

When a man wrongs us, let us simply drop him. He's out of our life. Good-bye! There are plenty of others. As far as we are concerned, he is an undesirable citizen, and that's all there is to it. Next!

Why redress injuries? They always redress themselves automatically better than we can redress them.

We don't realize the self-acting, automatic, equalizing efficiency of the spiritual world. It's more actual than any mechanical device. When a man does dirt, he gets dirt, by-and-by. Let him alone. Why bother?

Into what horrors of suffering has the desire for revenge plunged the world! Look at hideous Europe now; the mountains of mangled bodies piled on the altars of revenge!

When Jesus said that about turning the other cheek he was not talking impossible idealism, but plain sense.

The people who spiritually arrive are the *forgetters.*

Here is a sentence you may paint on your wall where you can see it by day, on your ceiling where you can gaze on it when you wake up at night, on your mind where all your thoughts can read it as they pass by, and on your heart where every emotion can be shaped by it:

An injury can grieve us only when remembered. The noblest revenge, therefore, is to forget.

WE DISLIKE WHAT SHAMES US

Why do we dislike those who are better than we? Why do drunkards sneer at teetotalers? Why do the vicious hate the virtuous, and the weak glower at the strong? Why do all of us feel a twinge of resentment against any one who is more capable, rich, or famous than ourselves?

This type of hostility is a curious thing. It is the kind of feeling the politicians of Athens had toward Socrates, and the Pharisees of Jerusalem had toward Jesus.

I think I have "isolated" the microbe, as the medical gentlemen say. The secret of it is that those who do better than we make us ashamed. And we dislike whatever shames us.

This is a very prevalent and powerful feeling. It is subtle and covert, but it operates strongly.

Haven't you seen the dissolute, worthless husband who has grown to detest his wife for no reason except that she is good and patient and always does as nearly as she can what she believes to be right? His maudlin accusation is that she

"doesn't understand" him. He neglects and finally detests her. He delights in doing what he knows will hurt her.

Why?

Simply because her presence is to him a constant rebuke. She shames him. And all his nasty egotism and pride rise up to resent it.

Is not this the solution of the all too common tragedy of parent and child? The parent agonizes to gain the child's confidence and co-operation. An insuperable spiritual barrier seems to be between them. The child turns to any chance companion rather than to the parent. Why?

Because before the parent he is ashamed. And the weaker and more wayward you are the more pride and sensitiveness develop in you.

This is that strange centrifugal force of evil, that something in a wrong soul that impels it to flee from right souls.

The cry of the perverted is "Let us alone!". As the devils in the Gadarenes exclaimed, saying, "What have we to do with Thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?"

This is why the wastrel seeks the wastrel for his boon companion, why birds of evil flock together, why there is something in us all, God pity us! that makes us fly from those who would do us good, and seek out those who work us woe.

It is even why we choose for company those

who are more ignorant and altogether lower in morals and attainments than ourselves. It is the same reason the hostler is embarrassed in the drawing room and the farmhand in the university hall.

We hate what shames us.

And it is written that, on the last day, the wicked shall cry out "to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the wrath of——

"The lamb!"

Happy, thrice fortunate, the man who seeks out those who shame him, and corrects himself thereby!

WHICH WAY IS NORTH?

There are some people who always know which way is north.

But I have seen a public speaker refer to England and point in the direction of the Philippines.

It is a distressing sensation to be "turned around". There are some cities where the sun rises in the west. I lived in such a town for a year. I learned which was north but, bless you! learning north does no good; you have to feel it. I never did, so long as I remained in the place. The only directions that soaked into my consciousness were Up and Down.

Chicago is the best American city for directions. There are only three. There is no east. If you try to go east, you get into the lake.

There are also people whose minds have no faculty of orientation. They think logically enough, but they never know which way they are headed. They go fast enough, but it is around and around, like a man lost in a Dakota blizzard. After enormous exertion they wind up where they began.

It is characteristic of sanity to get one's bearings and to keep them.

The sane man is always glancing about, to square his new fact with the old ones.

The man who follows one idea whithersoever it leads, in the entire disregard of the old tried ideas he has lived on all his life, is a bit crazy.

For the most important thing to do with any truth is to fit it in with the truths you already have on hand.

There's not much use getting steam up, hoisting the blue Peter, and racing out to sea, unless you have a compass and are bound for somewhere.

For instance, the "strenuous life" is vigorously cracked up; but it is well first to know what you are going to be strenuous about, and whether it is worth while.

Enthusiasm is good; but when you are just enthusiastic generally and about everything you make us tired; take an hour off and find something worth stewing over.

Study, the acquisition of knowledge, is often pursued as a rambling, aimless self-indulgence. One day spent in application, with some specific end in view, is worth a month of such wandering.

Likewise in character itself there is a vast deal of wasted sentiment because there are no carefully thought out, deliberately chosen principles. What useless martyrdoms, what vain earnestness, what

futile conscientiousness, when there is no "ever fixed pole" to our convictions!

How many a lover has come to grief because he did not know which way is north!

How many a politician has failed, how many a business man has been wrecked, how many a young woman has found only disillusion and wretchedness where she hoped for joy, how many a marriage has collapsed, how many a writer has sunk his book in oblivion—all because they did not know which way is north!

A GOD WHO IS AFRAID

"What's man but a god who is afraid?" asks Maeterlinck.

Does not all our wretchedess come from fear?

Does not all our profoundest joy come from courage?

Why are we unjust? Because we fear to be just. We shrink from the brightness of righteousness, and find the twilight glooms of compromise and custom more bearable. We love to sit in the cool shadows of old institutions, rather than walk forth into the glaring sunlight of reason.

Two thousand years ago the prophet of Galilee announced the most daring spiritual programme ever conceived. It involved utter reliance upon the uncertainties of spiritual law, an utter confidence in goodness, a belief in the truth as being able, willing, and sure to care for and reward them that put their destiny in its hands and doubted not.

We have never dared to act upon His programme. We have praised it, wondered at it, lauded its majesty and beauty, but to live it has been too much for our cowardly souls.

And it is because we fear that we fail.

When we fear for our children we nag, restrict, annoy, and scold them. Only because we are afraid of love and its consequences do we punish.

When husband and wife fear to trust wholly, enter distrust, jealousy, and estrangement. It is fear that wrecks families.

The friendless are the fearful. When we are not brave enough to believe in our friends we lose them.

Democracy is afraid of itself. We are afraid to trust the people, and we hand over our public affairs to the selfish, quarrelling capitalist and labor leader. When we say we distrust "politics", it is but saying we are afraid of ourselves.

We fear each other as nations. War is the outburst of long-pent-up fear. Germany arms and strikes because she fears France and England. England courts bankruptcy in building ships because she fears Germany. And so on.

The whole militaristic campaign in America is agitated by the apostles of fear—fear of Japan, of Germany, of Mexico.

Those who preach that we should boldly trust our neighbor nations are called traitors, crackbrained enthusiasts, mollycoddles. We dare trust hate; we fear to trust love.

Sometimes they are punished. Liebknecht has been disciplined in Germany. Norman Angell imprisoned in England. Roman Rolland exiled from

France. Henry Ford ridiculed and abused in the United States.

We are gods. We are full of godlike instincts, have the godlike vision and the godlike gift of intelligence. But we are afraid of these things. We fall back on guns, frightfulness, the crude bulwarks of materialism.

Man is a god who is afraid.

THE TEST OF LIFE

The test of life is the unexpected.

Anybody can get along if things go according to schedule. When something happens that knocks your programme into a cocked hat, then we see what manner of soul you are.

This world is governed by law. The rule of averages holds good in the long run. But it is not so dull a place as it seems. Every once in a while something befalls that no one is looking for.

This, too, is a part of the divine plan. The disorder is a part of the order.

Little souls are easily upset. They regard the unusual as a personal grievance. They say, "Why should this happen to me?"

The great soul understands that there are no accidents, that the bolt of the blue sky, the earthquake, the storm, and the devices of the wicked are also a part of the plan.

Because God does things for no reason that I can see is no proof that He does things for no reason at all.

Watch the great soul therefore. Notice how he adjusts himself to whatever occurs.

He is well ballasted. The blast of the hurricane may strike his ship and tip it upon its beam ends, but it speedily rights itself.

He laughs when his environment is merry. He weeps at the visitation of sorrow, he enjoys his food, and is hurt by a blow, just as an ordinary man; but neither joy nor sorrow, pain nor pleasure, can disturb his deep poise.

The little soul is not so. He is the plaything of circumstance. The gods mistreat him. He talks bitterly about luck.

Richard Le Gallienne said of Robinson Kay Leather these striking words:

"So with his life, the shortness of man's 'term' is never felt; one could win no completer effect with eternity than he with every day. Hurry and false starts seem unknown in his round, and his little home seems a microcosm of the Golden Age. It would sometimes seem that he has an artistic rule even over his 'accident', for 'surprises' have a wonderful knack of falling into the general plan of his life as though but waited for."

Of all the eulogies I have met in literature there is none that I would be more envious to appropriate than this. But alas! it makes me mad to spill ink on my coat, and when I stub my toe I am at war with the universe.

THE FEAR OF POVERTY

Yes, said the millionaire, as we sat by his wood fire a brisk October morning, I am successful. I have fought the good fight—at least, I suppose it's good—anyway they're all in it—and have come out on top. I have this magnificent estate. My business is prosperous. My name stands high in the city. My wife has all the clothes and automobiles she wants. And my children will have the best education to be had. I've won out. You know my story. I did it myself.

But——

He paused awhile and gazed into the flame. Then he went on.

But—I sometimes wonder. I've thought over things a good deal. And I've come to the conclusion that I'm not a first-class man. No man can be rich and first class.

Not that I'm going to give away all my goods and take to poverty. That's just it. I couldn't. I'm just big enough to be rich. I'm not big enough to be poor.

All of us Americans, wrestling in the great game

of getting on, are missing something. I'm getting tired of all this preachment to young folks, telling them how to succeed and all that.

The trouble is, it all assumes that the worst curse in the world is poverty. I ran across a quotation from William James the other day that rather bowled me over. Here it is.

He took a slip from his pocketbook and read:

"We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. We have lost the power of even imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant—the liberation from material attachments; the unbribed soul; the manlier indifference; the paying our way by what we are or do, and not by what we have; the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly; the more athletic trim—in short, the moral fighting shape. It is certain that the present fear of poverty among the educated class is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers."

I remember reading in Max Mueller about those Hindoo fellows who, when they have provided for their children and finished up their life job generally, give all their possessions away, put on a yellow robe, take a rice bowl, and go off up into the mountains to find their souls before they die.

Of course—of course—I know it wouldn't do.

That's not our American idea. It's diametrically opposed to the whole trend of our western culture. But, all the same, I have a haunting conviction that those Hindoos are beyond us.

I couldn't do that, not even if I wanted to. But I don't fool myself a bit. I know that the reason I couldn't do it is that I am not big enough.

I am big enough to pile up things, to beat all the rest of the fellows playing my game of piling up things. But I am not up to the class of men who choose poverty, to whom poverty means opportunity.

I take off my hat to the men like Socrates, and Buddha, and Jesus, and Francis of Assisi, and Thoreau.

They are the real aristocrats of the earth. I'm common. We're all common, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Schwab, du Pont, Vanderbilt, Astor—all of us.

If we met Socrates or Maeterlinck somewhere in the woods we'd go to sleep on him.

We are careful and troubled about many things, we sons of Martha, but the sons of Mary have chosen the better part.

THE BOTHERATION OF THOUGHT

The most terrible thing in the world seems to be Thought. At least most of the people you meet are running away from it.

Who wants to see a thoughtful play? No, no; give us the light and airy comedy, and let it be carpentered according to convention, for anything original enough to be unusual disturbs the comfortable arrangement of our thought molecules; we are puzzled, and that implies thinking, which wearies us.

Let the hero be as all heroes, young and noble and handsome; and the heroine have Mary Pickford curls and liquid eyes and saccharine voice; and the villain be true to the Desperate Desmond type; and the Rube have chin whiskers; and the Parson be an impossible smirking poser; and so on. If a real man should get on the stage, he might walk out into the audience.

If you contribute a story to a magazine, read carefully first the past numbers of the magazine, and make your story as like those that have been printed as possible. Editors know the people buy that kind. They don't know what would happen

if a new kind would appear. It might imply mental functioning, which is to be avoided.

When you converse, stick to the platitudes; when you make a political speech, keep close to the grand old principles upon which opinions are standardized; when you publish a newspaper, don't part from the traditions of newspaperdom; or when you do anything, try to do it about as it has always been done and as everybody else does it, and thus avoid getting swamped in the dull quagmire of thought.

If you get in the nasty habit of thinking, you speedily become a bore, or worse—perhaps a crank, a radical, an unsafe man or an anarchist.

We have a nice wad of mud ready to throw at you if you deviate. If you question truculent national conceit, you are a traitor; if you even consider critically the subject of marriage, you are a free-lover; if you are open to conviction on the matter of birth-control, you are a libertine; if you advance any private views on religion, you are an atheist; if you are a different kind of a doctor, lawyer, or preacher from my kind, you are a quack, a shyster, or a sensationalist.

The woman who thinks is as bad as the woman who hesitates.

If a man thinks, he'll never be a judge, a bishop, or a senator.

If a little boy thinks, he will have to stay after school.

All thinks have been thunk.

There are plenty of canned opinions and ready-made ideas. Use them and save trouble.

For the secret of contentment seems to be to shun cerebration.

"When over the purple horizon shall loom
The shrouded mother of a new idea, men hide their faces,
Cry out and fend her off, as she seeks her procreant groom,
Wounding themselves against her, denying her fecund embraces."

THE UNSHAKABLE

Certain things are Unshakable.

It is well, in these days of turmoil and upsetting, to recall them.

Certain things are ingrained in human nature. They always have been, they always will be, so long as mankind exists.

They are, to the souls of men, what the mountains, the sea, and the abiding stars are to our eyes.

They persist. They are "from everlasting to everlasting". Men may come and men may go, but they go on forever.

It is wise and it is reassuring to look at these things now and then, and orientate our minds and policies.

1. Love is Unshakable. True Love. No wild theories of "free love", no spread of sex perversion, no inroads of disorder or selfishness, can shake the hold that simple, loyal love has upon the hearts of men and women. When all the upheavals of theory and passion are overpast, the One Man and One Woman will be seen standing firm and clear eyed in the twilight of the world.

2. Law is Unshakable. All violence and anarchy are but phases. Revolutions are destruction, have their day. Unlicensed freedom passes. Mankind always comes back to the arms of Law, as a lost child to its mother.

3. Private Property is Unshakable. Many things are not by right the property of any individual or group. These may be taken over by the State, as the Public School and the Post-office. Perhaps Public Utilities and Lands may follow, and certain forms of collective business. But always there will remain a Mine and Thine. And a man shall reap the labor of his hands and own the fruit of his brain.

4. Thrift is Unshakable. The provident shall prosper, the prodigal shall want. There will be ants and grasshoppers also in the Thirtieth Century. No legislation nor union nor cunning shall level the disciplined and the wastrel.

5. Honesty is Unshakable. Men as a rule are fair. They always will be. No injustice can continue forever. By and by every wrong rots and falls.

6. The Ten Commandments are Unshakable. Moses uttered the moral voice of the centuries. He uncovered the pillars of the moral universe.

"In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing still continues stealing."

7. The Love of Children is Unshakable. The perpetuation of the human race does not depend upon so precarious a device as keeping passion blind and ignorant, but rather upon an ineradicable and wholesome instinct. So long as humanity exists women will want children, and men will be found to labor for them.

8. Health is Unshakable. At last every disease runs its course, every pest disappears. The tides of health come again resurgent every generation.

9. Death is Unshakable. Each soul has its allotted time. Sentence has been passed upon us all; we await our hour. And under this universal ukase all people live.

10. God is Unshakable, and the Belief in a Life Beyond. None has disproved it, none has proved it. We live by faith, and so shall always live. In that Thirtieth Century also shall souls pass, even as we, even as they of ancient Babylon,

> "Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
> Still clutching the inviolable shade."

EASTER TRUTH

There is an eternity in all goodness. All beauty, whether of spirit or of matter, is immortal.

About every great and power-charged personality gather legends of His coming again. Mankind feels that there is something in greatness that cannot die.

So Arthur, "Rex quondam Rexque futurus," abides in Avilion to be healed of his wound, and "men say that he shall come again and he shall win the holy cross," says Edward McCurdy; and so Charlemagne; and Barbarossa, sleeping in his mountain fastness; they will awaken, legends say, in the hour of need.

Among the Aztecs the belief persisted through centuries that the Fair God would come again.

The Romans dreamed of the return of Romulus. And in the early Church the belief was strong that the crucified One was soon to appear again and establish His earthly kingdom.

In all these faiths is a core of truth. For beauty is indestructible. If it perish, it shall rise again.

The marvelous work of the Greeks was de-

stroyed, yet its broken fragments became in France the seed of the Renaissance.

A sarcophagus, pillaged from some Greek colony, was brought to the conquering city of Pisa. Upon it was carved in simplicity and grace the story of Phædra and Hippolytus. In Pisa it served as the tomb of Beatrice of Lorraine, mother of the Countess Matilda of Tuscany, that Matilda belike whom Dante saw beyond the stream of Lethe walking in a meadow singing and gathering flowers.

Nicola Pisano was working in Pisa, a young apprentice. He saw in the Greek reliefs upon this tomb "a precision of touch, a feeling of dignity and beauty which surpassed anything that his Byzantine masters had attained in their works".

The spark from the Greeks grew to a flame in him. He became the founder of a new school of sculpture. The carven pulpits he made for Pisa and Siena remain now, after 600 years, among the most beautiful things in Italy.

So afterward, in the golden age of the Renaissance, Michaelangelo received his inspiration from the same Greek source, as he studied the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Dying Gladiator.

Even the beauty in the works of Botticelli is the renascent Greek spirit, "the roses of Paestum come back again, the manner of their second flowering".

One of the strongest instincts of mankind is the persuasion that beauty is inextinguishable, goodness has an immortal quality, that of whatever is good and true it may be said, "though it die, yet shall it live again."

THE RAG DOLL

When the novelty has worn off, say a month after Christmas, the poor little rich girl leaves all her fity-dollar dolls, with gorgeous molasses candy hair and blue saucer eyes and concealed phonographic voice—she's tired of them—and you see her taking to bed with her the old rag doll, featureless and formless, but oh, how dear!

Why?

Because the essential of play is imagination; and the rag doll gives the imagination a chance, appeals to it, calls it into constructive, creative action, while the fifty-dollar toy leaves nothing for the imagination to do.

The boy has more fun playing horse with a stick he straddles than he could have with an imitation, life-like painted horse.

I have often wondered why theatrical producers rarely grasp this psychological truth. To me a spectacular presentment with clouds and castles and trees and flying angels is smotheration. I have seen Sir Herbert Tree's Shakesperian reproductions, and Mansfield's, and Irving's, and they

are like the fifty-dollar doll. I much prefer the idea of the Ben Greet players, which is the rag doll theory.

The stage is not to do the work for my imagination; it is to stimulate, inspire my imagination.

Of all the plays, therefore, that I have witnessed recently, the one that gives me the distinctive thrill, that actually sets me dreaming and makes me a child again, is the "Yellow Jacket". It is supposed to be after the manner of the conventional Chinese theatre; and if this be so, then the Chinese know how to play.

When a mountain is wanted it is made of a table and a chair; when a man dies and his soul goes to heaven, we see him mounting a ladder to a balcony; when one rides horseback, he plays horse—altogether the audience is not bludgeoned with tawdry realism, but gets a chance to let its fancy work.

The usual photoplay spectacle is ordinarily appalling from the very wealth of its overpowering detail. Nothing is left for the spectator to do. Hence he is bored. I saw a "million dollar film" the other night. I should think that as much as fifty cents of this sum must have been spent on the author. The story was incoherent, approximately nil, while feasts, dances, palaces, processions, battles, and crowds of populace were scooped on with a shovel. The result was weariness. It was as Dr. Johnson said of a woman preaching, like a dog walking on its hind legs—it was not

well done, but you were surprised to see it done at all.

It was a wonderful, fifty-dollar, talking, eye-closing-and-opening, limb-moving, princely arrayed doll. Once was enough.

But give us the rag doll, the real play, where we in the audience can play as well as the actors on the stage; give us such a play as the "Yellow Jacket".